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REVIEW

A Quarterly Miscellany

EDITED BY

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CONTENTS.

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THE GREAT CONDITION	HENRY JAMES.
A MODERN WOMAN	ELIZABETH ROBINS.
SOME CONSEQUENCES OF THE LAST TREATY OF PARIS	THE HON. WHITELOW REID.
LETTERS TO VERVAINE	"E. V. B."
SIR ROBERT PEEL	THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.
OSBORN AND URSYNE	"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS."
ALL THE WORLD'S MAD	GILBERT PARKER.
THE BATTLE OF THE NILE	A. C. SWINBURNE.
WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY	PROF. OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.
THE SUDAN	SIR RUDOLF SLATIN, K.C.M.G.
A MEZZOTINT	SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM, K.C.M.G.
SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVON- SHIRE	EDITED BY THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS	
AN EPITAPH ON CHARLES JAMES FOX	WITH A NOTE BY EARL GREY.
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The Academy

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The Literary Week.

THE Art Workers' Masque, to be produced at the Guildhall next Tuesday and following nights, deserves close attention. The pains and thought and time that have been devoted to this experiment by the Art Workers' Guild alone render it worthy of all encouragement, apart from the interest that naturally attaches to a careful and accurate revival of so beautiful a form of entertainment as the masque, the delight of Elizabethans and Stuarts. The Art Workers' Masque tells the story of "The Sleeping Beauty," with allegorical circumstances added; and everything has been done to make it charming and sumptuous and historically right. The fact that the Prince of Wales will probably be present introduces the element of royalty which seems indispensable to a masque's successful performance.

An extra Summer Number of the *Studio* will shortly be ready, containing not only the text of the masque, but also illustrations of a large number of the designs for this unique undertaking.

The great bazaar just held at the Albert Hall, in aid of Charing Cross Hospital, derives literary interest from the elaborate *Souvenir* volume which Mr. Beerbohm Tree, assisted by Mr. Lionel Hart, has edited. The contents include contributions from authors so far apart as the Poet Laureate and Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Max Beerbohm; and consist of poem, essay, play, and anecdote, while the ranks of the artists have also been levied upon. The literary contributors are represented by a portrait and a scrap of autograph.

MR. BIRRELL, who is always pertinent, moralises prettily on Dr. Johnson's remark that, though Fleet-street is animated, the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross. Mr. Lang also contributes a literary essay, Mrs. Humphry Ward a sunny account of an Italian villa in spring, and Mr. Sidney Lee describes Shakespeare's first summons to Court.

POETRY is represented by the Poet Laureate, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Herley, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. Watson, Mr. Davidson, Sir Lewis Morris, and certain other lyrists better known by their prose. Mr. Swinburne sends three roundels—"At a Dog's Grave"—from which we quote one:

To die a dog's death once was held for shame.
Not all men so beloved and mourned shall lie
As many of these, whose time untimely came
To die.

His years were full; his years were joyous; why
Must love be sorrow, when his gracious name
Recalls his lovely life of limb and eye?

If aught of blameless life on earth may claim
Life higher than death, though death's dark wave rise high,
Such life as this among us never came
To die.

Mr. Alfred Austin's verses celebrate the courage displayed at the wreck of the *Stella*.

AMONG the poets better known for their prose is "John Oliver Hobbes," with a little song from her new drama "Osborn and Ursyne":

"Adieu," said he. Adieu she could not say.
"Farewell," said he. "Farewell; this is a day
That we must long remember, you and I."

"He's gone," said they. "Come forth, clouds, fill the sky,
The rain will fall ere you have felt the sun."
"Shines the sun still? I thought rain had begun."

MME. BERNHARDT'S Hamlet is not Hamlet at all, and the French text is as ineffectual as, say, a version of "In Memoriam" by the late Martin Tupper might be. The shell is there, the sombre background, the moving incidents; but the temper, the vigour, the pathos of the lines have gone. "There's the rub" becomes "*C'est l'obstacle*." "Hamlet" at the Adelphi is but a strong and extravagant melodrama, and yet the performance kept the present writer and, indeed, the whole audience enthralled for close upon four hours. Why? Because Sarah Bernhardt is just herself: because that active, intelligent, penetrating brain glimmered and shone and cut like lightning through every phase of her impersonation. Hamlet? No! Hamlet was a man of fine breeding, and fine feeling, impatient of fools, intellectually arrogant, if you will, but a gentleman. Not the man to throw a book at the head of Polonius, or to climb the throne like a cat and snarl in the king's face, or to thrust a torch between his eyes at his cry for "Lights! Lights!" Hamlet's anger becomes vindictive, feline. Of the large utterance of great grief that informs his purpose—justice rather than revenge—there is small hint. The soliloquies from Mme. Bernhardt's lips do not impress. In a word, this is not Hamlet. It is Sarah Bernhardt in black doublet and hose—brilliant, fascinating, magnetic in every utterance and gesture—Sarah Bernhardt, not another. When she is on the stage, you lean forward, stimulated, entranced, annoyed; when she is off, you lean back and wish her on.

WE have never seen a better Ophelia. In the hands of Mlle. Marthe Mellot, Ophelia becomes what she should be—a subsidiary character, an aid to the development of the tragedy—no more. Her hour's traffic, like that of Polonius, but advances the development of the tragedy to that ultimate line, suggested rather than spoken by Mme. Bernhardt, with finger on lip—"The rest is silence."

IN the July number of the *Bookman* a number of reviewers will give their opinion on the question of "Multiple Reviewing."

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT's new book, which is now in the press, will be entitled *Little Novels of Italy*.

LORD ROSEBURY's volume of *Appreciations and Addresses* will be issued on Saturday by Mr. John Lane.

M. HURET's monograph on *Sarah Bernhardt*, which has just been published in an English form by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, has a preface by M. Rostand in the form of a letter to the author. Among other things, M. Rostand says: "It seems to me, Jules Huret, that the life of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will perhaps form the greatest marvel of the nineteenth century. It will develop into a legend. To describe her tours round the world, with their ever-changing scenes and actors, their beauties and absurdities, to make the locomotives and steamers speak, to portray the swelling of seas and the rustling of robes, to fill up the intervals of heroic recitative with speaking, singing, shouting choruses of poets, savages, kings, and wild animals: this would need a new Homer built up of Théophile Gautier, Jules Verne, and Rudyard Kipling."

AMONG the stories which M. Huret has collected is this: "One day Madame Bernhardt happened to enter a Protestant church and heard the minister denounce her as an 'imp of darkness, a female demon sent from the modern Babylon to corrupt the New World.' Before the day was over, the clergyman received this note—

MY DEAR CONFRÈRE,—Why attack me so violently?
Actors ought not to be hard on one another.
SARAH BERNHARDT."

ACCORDING to a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* the time has come for English novelists to cease from reading in public in America. America is not in need of them, says this critic: "lecturing people who are lectured, without alien aid, to the full measure of endurance, and telling stories to people who need restraint rather than example in such practices, are things that lack even the saving merit claimed by St. Paul for his sermons, to wit, foolishness." This may be true; but whether or not the practice of public readings will stop depends, we fancy, less upon the *Atlantic Monthly* than Major Pond.

THE house in Cromarty where Hugh Miller was born is reported to be fast falling into ruins for want of any attention. The thatch on the roof has rotted, and large patches have fallen off; the rafters are decaying, and the walls are in a parlous state. Cromarty is a quaint old place, but it cannot afford to lose so inspiring a landmark as Hugh Miller's birthplace. Besides, the house is worth preserving quite apart from that, for it was built by Hugh Miller's great-great-grandfather, John Feddes, the buccaneer, associated with whose life is a happy romance. John loved a pretty girl, Jean Gallie, but his suit was rejected. On the wedding night he disappeared, and it was reported that he had committed suicide. Tradition adds this graphic touch to the story, that Jean, looking through the window, saw lights on the firth, which she was told were boats looking for John's body. Jean's married life was unhappy, and her husband drank himself to death. Many years afterwards John returned a wealthy man, and married Jean out of her poverty. It turned out that he had boarded a smuggler on the night of the wedding, and had made a good thing out of buccaneering, and he built the cottage, now so badly in need of repair, with Spanish gold.

ONE's first feeling in looking at *The Political Struwwelpeter* which Mr. H. Begbie and Mr. F. C. Gould have prepared is wonder that the old book has never done duty in this way before. Nothing could be more natural than the line which these parliamentary satirists have taken; Dr. Hoffmann seems to have held out his arms to them with the promise of every assistance. Our fear is, that the simplicity of the way having been shown, other versions of *Struwwelpeter* will follow, for the idea is good enough to be worked again and again. This time, for example,

Cruel Frederick is personated by Mr. Chamberlain, Harriet by Lord Rosebery, the Great Agrippa by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and Little Suck-a-thumb by Mr. Balfour. To-morrow they might all be changed again, and so on through unceasing combinations. We trust that such a prospect is not in store; but there is, with all its cleverness, a want of inevitableness about this skit which suggests it.

MR. BEGBIE figures the British Lion as his Shock-headed Peter:

See the British Lion pose,
Wildly groping for his foes!
Men who tinker up the laws
Never manicure his claws;
And you will observe with pain
No one ever crimps his mane;
Seeing that he's so neglected,
Do you wonder he's dejected?

The other verses are in a similar vein, and they all leave the impression that a little more care would have made them twice as telling. Mr. Gould's adaptations of the original drawings are masterly.

THE results of earthquakes are of two varieties—immediate and remote. The immediate result of the Hereford earthquake of 1896, for example, was to rattle crockery, crack windows, and project feeble residents of Shrewsbury and its neighbourhood out of bed. Its remote result is the publication of a new kind of book, the most elaborate study of a seismic disturbance ever yet produced, at any rate in this country, where seismology is not exactly a paying branch of science.

THE work has been compiled, under the title of *The Hereford Earthquake of 1896*, by Mr. Charles Davison, Sc.D., F.G.S., who has certainly spared no pains to make it exhaustive, and it is published by Messrs. Cornish, of Birmingham, and more than half of it consists of testimonies of persons in the affected districts. To the mind not attracted by seismology these testimonies are the most interesting part, if only as a study in analogies. For instance, one witness, at Hereford, compares the noise to six traction engines, another to the booming of heavy artillery, another to a heavy steam-roller, another to a bomb, another to a heavy cart and a falling chimney, another to a train in a tunnel, another to a blasting. To someone at Clifton the sound resembled "the pedal notes of a great organ, only of a deeper pitch than can be taken in by the human ear, shall I say a noise more felt than heard?" To someone else less poetically constructed it recalled sewing machines being moved overhead.

SOMETIMES the reports have something of the solemnity of "Revelation." Here is one: "When in the wood I was startled by a sort of hissing noise, followed by a rumble which made the ground shake under me. The trees seemed to clash together, then tear one another apart. I had not gone many steps before the second report, louder than the first. . . . The whole woods seemed in an uproar, the birds flying about, sheep running as though chased by a wild beast. In that part of the wood two streams of water meet; it seemed to stand still at the time of the shock." As a patient memoir of an interesting natural phenomenon, Mr. Davison's book deserves the highest praise.

Two very different, but at the same time very interesting libraries, are now in the market. Prof. Foxwell, of the chair of Political Economy at University College, London, is disposing, says the *Economic Journal*, of his collection of over 25,000 volumes and pamphlets bearing upon his special subject. Prof. Foxwell's library has been called

by Dr. Bonar "the finest English economic library in the world." The late Mr. Gleeson White's art books are also now ready for the inspection of collectors at 16, Shaftesbury-avenue. A catalogue has been prepared in two forms, one being strictly a list of the books, and the other containing a portrait of Mr. White and a memoir by Prof. York Powell.

AMONG the French Academy prizes awarded last week was 1,000f. to Mme. Darmesteter for her *Vie de Renan*. This work, we may point out for the benefit of readers who do not know it, was written twice by its accomplished author—first in the French form, which has just been deservedly honoured, and then in English.

THE ingenious Nebraska magazine, the *Kiote*, grows in merit, if not in modesty. This month, as a special concession, it prints a poem by Mr. W. Schuyler-Miller, with the warning that such excellences must not be looked for often at the present rates of subscription. This being so, we are the more disposed to quote Mr. W. Schuyler-Miller's poem, which is a good little piece of sterling homely human nature:

LOVE AND DUTY.

It's been the derndest, slowest afternoon
I've seen for more'n a month. It ain't because
I've worked so awful hard. I ain't plowed half
What any other fellow'd done, I s'pose.
The team's all right; the ground's a-workin' fine;
The field's a-needin' plowin', too. You'd think
I'd keep 'em goin' lively, but, I jing,
I jest can't do it. When I turn around
Down at the other end, there, next the house,
Or stop a bit to clean the shovels off,
Jest like as not I'll fool around and take
Three times as long's I really ought to do.

A fellow shouldn't act jest this-a-way
An' waste the whole endurin' afternoon,
An' keep a-lookin' all the time to where,
Down to the house across the pasture lot,
She's visitin' our folks.

We find also in the *Kiote*, hidden away in an essay on "The Noble Liar," the following poem. It may be new, it may be old; it does not rhyme; it is not metrical. And yet it is good:

I carried the old Bishop a bunch of roses this morning,
And when I handed them to him he said,
"Wait, my daughter, there are thorns upon them."
Then he took out his knife, saying,
"Give me one at a time."

I watched him while he carefully cut away each thorn.
"Do you always cut off the thorns, Bishop?"
He looked at me with an appreciative twinkle in the dark
of his eye.
Set deep under the shaggy brows, and said, "Yes; don't
you?"
"No," I said, "I am a woman;
I only hold my rose tight, and smile,
And let the blood trickle, and say,
'My rose has no thorns!'"

If the *Kiote* can continue to print such striking and unaffected truthfulnesses as these it will do a good work.

MR. ALFRED WALLIS, the editor of the complete edition of *The Poetical Works of Robert Stephen Hawker*, which Mr. Lane has just published, writes in his introduction that "a biography of this remarkable man, whose strong individuality and mental power are impressed indelibly upon his poetical work, is a desideratum." This is certainly true. An edition of Hawker's prose might also well be prepared. Mr. Wallis thus sums up the famous Cornish parson: "As a priest of the Church of England, he was honest, conscientious, sincere; as a man, just and upright in all

his dealings with mankind; and as a poet, few writers of our own day can equal him. None can claim a better title to the esteem, and even affection, of those who will only know him through the medium of his works."

MR. RICHARD MARSH writes: "Will you allow me to state that my story, *Philip Bennion's Death*, referred to in your current issue among the fiction of the week, was originally issued some three years back by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. at a shilling? Why they are now re-issuing it as a new novel at three shillings and sixpence I cannot say. The copyright not being mine, I have no voice in the matter. I shall esteem myself further favoured if you will let me say that no book containing fresh matter of mine has appeared since *The Beetle* in September, 1897, and that the first story I have written since then will be published in September of this year."

THE last of the old wood-engravers, Mr. Henry Duff Linton, died on Saturday last at Norbiton. Born in the early years of the century, he lived far into days of "process" work: days in which wood-engraving is no longer really regarded as an art. A brother of William James Linton, he was associated with him and Orrin Smith in the production of the illustrations for the early numbers of the *Illustrated London News*. He was also a partner with his brother and others in various ventures publications, in which many beautiful specimens of his work may be found. Mr. Linton is mourned by his family, but most of his contemporaries have already passed away.

AT a time of Tammany revelations and Chicago investigations, it is worth remembering, writes a correspondent, that Shadwell (Dryden's "MacFlecknoe"), in his *Epsom Wells* (1672), makes Clodpate, the country justice, "a hearty, true English coxcomb," describe the London justices thus: "They are the greatest Malefactors there: they make a pretty Trade on't in the Suburbs, with Bribes receiv'd from Pads, Pickpockets, and Shop-lifts, with the Taxes they raise from labouring —, and contributions from Tributary —" If this was even approximately true, Londoners should not exult at Transatlantic revelations of official iniquities, nor the citizens of New York and Chicago despair.

ONCE again have the women writers dined and smoked together. On this occasion the number of guests was two hundred. Miss Elizabeth Robins ("C. E. Raimond") took the chair and proposed the health of the author of *Leaves from a Journal in the Highlands*; Miss Honnor Morten, the honorary secretary, reviewed the progress of the Society and exulted in their passage from ridicule to numerical strength; Mrs. Steele spoke wittily and well; and Mrs. Meade expressed the belief that critics neither aided nor abetted the sale of books.

THE ninth volume of Miss Hetherington's *Annual Index to Periodicals*, covering the year 1898, is now in the press and will be issued shortly.

A LITERARY parallel has been discovered by a correspondent of *Literature*, which, if accidental, is most extraordinary. In Mr. Hall Caine's novel, *The Christian*, one of the characters, Lord Robert Ure, describes the effects of John Storm's dramatic prediction of the destruction of London:

I counted seventeen people on their knees in the streets — 'pon my soul, I did! Eleven old women of eighty, two or three of seventy, and one or two that might be as young as sixty-nine. Then the epidemic of piety in high life too! Several of our millionaires gave sixpence apiece

to beggars—were seen to do it, don't you know? One old girl gave up playing baccarat and subscribed to "Darkest England." No end of sweet little women confessed their pretty weaknesses to their husbands, and now that the world is wagging along as merrily as before, they don't know what the devil they are to do.

The picture is convincing or not according to the reader's temperament. The reason for detaching the passage from the novel, however, is to place beside it the following sentences from Swift's "True and Faithful Narrative of What passed in London During the general Consternation"—following the prediction of the imminence of the end of the world by the preacher William Cheston. Swift wrote:

I . . . counted at least seventeen who were upon their knees and seemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them, indeed, appeared to be old women of about four score; the six others were men in advanced life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy. . . . It was remarkable that several of our very richest tradesmen of the city in common charity gave away shillings and sixpences to the beggars who plied about the church doors. . . . Three great ladies, a *valet de chambre*, two lords, a Custom House officer, five half-pay captains, and a baronet (all noted gamblers) came publicly into a church at Westminster and deposited a very considerable sum of money in the minister's hands. . . . I forbear mentioning the private confessions of particular ladies to their husbands.

Mr. Hall Caine's reply has yet to come. The likeness between the two descriptions may be purely accidental, and Mr. Caine may never have seen Swift's document. But if he has intentionally adapted an actual account of such a panic, it is a great pity he did not acknowledge the loan. No one would think less of his own narrative powers.

Bibliographical.

THE late Mr. Augustin Daly comes within the scope of this column, if only on account of his fondness for printing and circulating, privately, handsomely got-up brochures on subjects in which he was especially interested. One of these, for instance, he devoted to the professional career of Miss Ada Rehan, the "leading lady" for whom he did so much, and who, in her turn, did so much for him. Mr. William Winter, I believe, was the author of this narrative and *éloge*, which, produced originally in 1891, was, seven years later, revised, reprinted, and issued to the public on both sides of the Atlantic. Another of Mr. Daly's brochures was on Peg Woffington (1888), and one of the twenty-five copies printed is in the British Museum. Yet another was entitled *Memories of Daly's Theatres*, printed privately in 1897. This was not written by Mr. Daly, but it embodies, in effect, his biography. It is charmingly illustrated, and ought some day to be made generally accessible, for, besides telling the story of Daly's life as critic, playwright, and manager, it illustrates very largely the history of the American stage between 1862 and 1895.

In the various obituary notices of Mr. Daly in the English Press very much less than justice has been done to his fecundity and (I may say) importance as a playwright (I do not say "dramatist"). Few people seem to know that he was the author of that version of Dr. Mosenthal's "Deborah"—"Leah the Forsaken"—in which Miss Kate Bateman made so great an impression both in the States and over here, and which has beaten all other versions out of the field. It was Daly's first acted work. His second was an adaptation of "Dorf und Stadt," his third an adaptation of "Le Papillon" (called "Taming a Butterfly"). Then came a dramatisation of

Reade's "Griffith Gaunt," a melodrama called "Under the Gaslight," an adaptation of "The Pickwick Papers," a drama named "The Red Scarf," and a melodrama entitled "A Flash of Lightning"—all written and produced before their author became, in 1869, a theatrical manager.

After 1869 came an adaptation of "Frou Frou"; dramatisations of Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife" and "No Name"; a drama called "Divorce"; adaptations of Belto's "Article 47," of "Alixé," of Mosenthal's "Madelino Morel," of Sardou's "Maison Neuve," of Dumas fils "Monsieur Alphonse," of Augier's "Gabrielle"—all before 1875, in which year Mr. Daly began, with "The Big Bonanza," that long series of adaptations from the German by which he is best known to English audiences. After that he wrote two original plays—"Pique" and the "Dark City"—and half-a-dozen or more adaptations from the French. Of all these pieces, only two, so far as I can discover, have been printed in England—"Under the Gaslight" and "Leah the Forsaken," the former of which is published both by French and Dicks.

I see we have a new story from the pen of "Rolf Boldrewood." *Robbery Under Arms*, I confess, is the only tale by that writer which I have ever been able to get through; but that he has a public in England would seem to be proved by the numerous books by him which have been published in this country. *Robbery Under Arms* was brought out in three-volume form by Remingtons in 1888, and in the following year was issued by Macmillans in much cheaper shape; last year they issued it at the nimble sixpence. Since 1889 we have had a whole flight of "Boldrewood" books: *A Colonial Reformer*, *A Miner's Right*, and *The Squatter's Dream*, all in 1890; *A Sydney-Side Saxon* (1891), *Nevermore* (1892), *A Modern Buccaneer* (1894), *The Crooked Stick* and *The Sphinx of Eaglehawk* (1895), *The Seal-skin Cloak* and *Old Melbourne Memories* (1896), *My Run Home* (1897), and *Plain Living and A Romance of Canvas-Town and Other Stories* (1898). Clearly there must be those for whom the work of "Rolf Boldrewood" has attractions. Meanwhile, it would seem that his first book brought out in England was that called *Ups and Downs*, which was published here more than twenty years ago.

The promoters of the Alfred the Great commemoration have done well. I think, to issue a book which should "diffuse, as widely as possible, public knowledge of the king's life and work." I may be wrong, but I fancy that "public knowledge" is small, and assuredly I see no signs of enthusiasm in the matter. The Poet Laureate published not so long ago a dramatic poem in which he described Alfred as "England's darling," but I doubt if England cares very much about Alfred now. "Truth-teller was our English Alfred named," sings Tennyson in his Ode on Wellington; and the late Tom Hughes wrote for the "Sunday Library" a monograph on the king which it might be worth the publishers' while to reproduce. Apart from this, what have we to show? A dramatic poem on Alfred, written by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and printed in 1876; a verse-play by the late lamented Mr. Martin Tupper, called "Alfred," and actually performed at Manchester, with the late Walter Montgomery in the title-part; a verse-play by Sheridan Knowles, called "Alfred the Great," produced at Drury-lane in 1831, with Macready as Alfred; a musical drama by Isaac Pocock, produced in 1827; a tragedy by John Home, brought out in 1778; a drama by John O'Keefe, which saw the light in 1776; and that famous masque by Thomson and Mallet, in which "Rule Britannia" first had a hearing. It will be seen that within the past half century Alfred has been celebrated only by Martin Tupper, by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, by Tom Hughes, by Mr. Alfred Austin, and by Tennyson in a single isolated reference. It was high time that something was done to "diffuse public knowledge" of "our English Alfred."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Gille-Shakespeare.

Shakespeare in France under the Ancien Régime. By J. J. Jusserand. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

Few Frenchmen—and, for the matter of that, few Englishmen—have M. Jusserand's intimate knowledge of the literary history of these islands, or can wear their cap of erudition with so jaunty a cock and so gay a stride. The present volume is built upon a bewildering variety of remote reading, and is full of entertainment from cover to cover. The central topic is the fortune of Shakespeare's reputation in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but M. Jusserand is nothing if not discursive, and what he really gives us is a picture of the general literary and social relations between ourselves and our neighbours during, and even before, his period.

The modern Frenchman is an Anglomaniac; but until the Restoration of the Stuarts English influence on French letters practically did not exist. Eustace Deschamps praised Chaucer, but only as the translator of the *Roman de la Rose* and of Deschamps himself. Poets went and came between the countries: Sir Thomas Wyatt, Bryan, Sackville, serving as ambassadors to Paris, Du Bartas fulfilling the same function in London. But though the Englishmen borrowed, they lent nothing in return. France had no ears for alien poets, unless they came from Italy or from Spain. Frenchmen travelled to England and wrote guide-books or accounts of their travels, without whispering a word of literature. They dwelt on the beauty of the English women, and on the drinking habits of the English men. One thirsty soul, according to Etienne Perlin, will cry: "Drind you in iplaigiou"; and another will reply: "Tanque artelay." But even Ronsard, even Brantôme, have nothing to say of Spenser or of Sidney. Works written in Latin by Englishmen or Scotchmen, such as the *Utopia* of More or the Latin tragedies of George Buchanan, alone seem to have found their way across the Channel. Under Louis Quatorze there was a moment in French dramatic history when the romantic spirit, represented by Cyrano de Bergerac in France, as by Shakespeare in England, seemed likely to become dominant on the stage; and this might have led to some sympathetic appreciation of English tragedy and comedy. But the moment passed, and romanticism went down before Racine and Corneille and their panoply of pseudo-Aristotelian unities. Everything that was least Shakespearean came into favour. Rule and Order were adopted as the watchwords of literature:

Fine, regular, straight avenues are drawn across the parks; the language, like the parks, is trimmed, cleansed, and chastened; the Academy prunes it of all those technical terms formerly praised by Ronsard and Malherbe, who wanted a language both rich and strong; now it is wanted above all noble and dignified. Old words, "les vieux mots," are excluded from the great national vocabulary; also new ones, "nouvellement inventés"; also "terms of art and science"; also expressions of anger or offensive to modesty—"les termes d'emportement ou qui blessent la pudeur." No such improper words have been "allowed into the dictionary, because honest men avoid using them in their speech," and academicians do not write dictionaries for clowns. The word "*essor*" (soar) is accepted out of favour, although tainted with "falconry."

Under such conditions it is obvious that France had no room for Shakespeare. He sinned against all her canons, kicked over all her traces:

What place could be found in the favour of a public thus formed for an author who accepts words of all sorts, old or new, lewd, technical, choleric, or learned; every sentiment and every idea, and far from attenuating them in order to keep them within the bounds of nobleness and decorum, carries them to extremes with the view of render-

ing his contrasts as decided as possible; an author who falls into the most execrably bad taste, reaches the loftiest heights of sublimity, writes plays with or without heroes, plays with whole legions of personages, among which he admits not only the whistling valet and swearing drunkard, described as in a nightmare by pessimist La Bruyère, but even dogs, and even a bear ("Exit, pursued by a bear"); an incommensurable dramatist, now full of tears, now of jokes, who watches the martlets fly (in the middle of a tragedy), wonders whether the crickets are listening ("Yond crickets shall not hear it"), sings the sweetest love-songs the world has ever heard, divines all our joys, weeps for all our sorrows; coarse beyond endurance, lyrical beyond all possibility of adequate praise; in a word, what place was there for Shakespeare in the France of Louis Quatorze?

M. Jusserand has taken great pains to trace the earliest mentions of Shakespeare in France. He finds none until quite the end of the seventeenth century, when Shakespeare himself had been re-written and re-modelled by the egregious adapters of the Restoration. Then at last Muralt, writing of his voyage to England, names "Schakspeare, one of their best ancient poets," and Moreau de Brasey tells his fellow countrymen that: "One Shakespeare, who lived in the last century, has left the reputation of a master owing to his excellent historical plays, and M. Addison has perfected this taste in his admirable 'Cato.'" Even earlier a copy of the Second Folio had found its way into the library of Louis Quatorze, and in cataloguing it Nicholas Clement wrote on a slip, which M. Jusserand has come across, that: "This English poet has a fine enough imagination, thinks naturally, expresses himself neatly; but these excellent qualities are marred by the filth which he puts into his comedies."

With the eighteenth century comes a change. The classic rigidity breaks down. Shakespeare is admitted, read, studied, imitated, even acted; and as the rage for the "natural," under the influence of Rousseau, grows, is suddenly found to be popular. The most interesting episodes in this development are those which illustrate the attitude of Voltaire to the new spirit. It was Voltaire's instinct to allow liberty to everyone except a poet. But he had been himself to some extent responsible for the introduction of Shakespeare. In 1726 he visited London, and remained there until 1729. He was taken by Pope and Bolingbroke to the theatre, and saw, among other things, the "barbarous irregularities" of Julius Cæsar. In his *Lettres Philosophiques* of 1734, designed to satirise his own countrymen through the medium of praise of England, he included a *Lettre sur la Tragédie*. Here he says: "Shakespeare, whom the English take for a Sophocles, flourished about the same time as Lope de Vega; he created the drama, he had a genius full of strength and fecundity, of naturalness, and sublimity, without the least spark of good taste, and without the slightest knowledge of rules." Then he goes on to criticise "Othello" and to translate "To be, or not to be" from "Hamlet." He concludes with something like enthusiasm: "The poetic genius of the English is, up to now, like a bushy tree planted by Nature, throwing out a thousand branches and growing unsymmetrically with strength. It dies if you try to force its nature and to clip it like one of the trees in the Marly Gardens." Voltaire intended the *Lettres Philosophiques* to make a *furor*, and they did. They were, in fact, torn and burnt by the public executioner, in the courtyard of the Palais de Justice, as "scandalous, contrary to religion, good morals, and to the respect due to the powers that be." It is probable that in his desire to magnify things not French Voltaire had spoken very much more warmly of Shakespeare than in his heart of hearts he felt. However, he had set a stone rolling that could not easily be stayed. The magic of Shakespeare began to work. He became a subject for conversation and for controversy. Translations were set on foot. La Place wrote a *Discours sur la Théâtre Anglais*. "L'Anglicisme nous gagne," wrote D'Argenson in 1750.

There followed a singular epoch, during which English and French exchanged ideas. The English tendency was all in favour of classicising Shakespeare. Garrick for instance,

put Shakespeare's plays on the stage, not as they were, but as he would have wished them to be: he suppressed the grave-digger's scene in "Hamlet," running the risk of having "the benches thrown at his head" by the rabble, but sure thereby to obtain the approbation of Voltaire. He gave a "King Lear" with a happy ending; he awoke Juliet before the death of Romeo; and never allowed old Capulet to call his daughter "green-sickness carrion," nor any such names. "Winter's Tale" became in his hands "Florizel and Perdita"; "Midsummer Night's Dream" became "The Fairies"; "Taming the Shrew," "Catherine and Petruccio"; Bianca lost her lovers and the play its drunkard.

On the other hand, in France nature and romance—pastoral nature and sophisticated romance, indeed—were all the vogue. The fame of Shakespeare reached its height in 1776 with a grand translation in twenty quarto volumes, due chiefly to Pierre Félicien Le Tourneur. Meanwhile Voltaire had watched from afar with bitterness in his heart. Whatever he had been in 1734, in 1776 he was a classic of the classics. Kings and churches were fair game for his mordant wit; but the great writers at least he held sacred. The hermit of Ferney flung himself into the battle. It is no longer a time for criticism. Shakespeare now is *l'infâme*, and must be crushed. He is flouted as "Gille-Shakespeare," for, indeed, "Gille, in a country fair, would express himself with more decency and nobleness than Prince Hamlet." Of Le Tourneur's translation—"that wretch Le Tourneur"—he writes: "a collection of plays meant for booths at the fair, and written two hundred years ago. . . . There are not enough affronts, enough fools'-caps, enough pillories in France for such a knave. . . . The worst of it is, that the monster has a party in France, and, worse than the worst, I was myself the first to speak of this Shakespeare; I was the first to show the French a few pearls that I had found in his enormous dunghill." Voltaire composed his famous letter to the Academy, which was read in a solemn session, after a mass and a panegyric by D'Alembert, best reader of his day. It was a formal onslaught on the "mountebank" Shakespeare, "so savage, so low, so unbridled, and so absurd." Two years later came the final triumph of Voltaire's life in the performance of *Irène* and the plaudits which it won him. He took the occasion to renew the attack upon the enemy in a second letter to the Academy, which concludes: "Shakespeare is a savage with sparks of genius which shine in a horrible night." And, after all, that is what, in their hearts, the French still think of Shakespeare.

The Poet of the Muscovite.

Translations from Poushkin. By C. E. Turner. (Sampson Low & Marston. 7s. 6d. net.)

RUSSIA has just been effervescing over the centenary of her national poet, Poushkin. It has been veritably a national—nay, more—a racial affair. It has been not merely Russian, but Slavonic. Finally, seizing occasion by the ear, Mr. Charles Edward Turner, English Lecturer at the Petersburg University, has published a volume of translations from Poushkin, that we English may learn for ourselves, so far as translation will permit, what the greatest of Russian poets is like.

The reader who wishes to know the correct thing to say of Poushkin we refer to any comprehensive encyclopedia or biographical dictionary. Our business here is to record faithfully the impression made by these selected translations. Seldom is mastery of Russian joined with mastery of verse; and Mr. C. E. Turner is not among such exceptionally favoured beings. The minor poems hardly attempt verse, but are pretty much literal translations, in

rhymeless lines. Better had they been frank prose, and frankly literal, like the Revised Version of the Bible, keeping the original lines, but not trying to make them metrical. The major poems are also unrhymed, in metrical form; the tragedies being in very limping and listless blank verse. All should have been prose, for Mr.



POUSHKIN.

Turner has no manner of metrical gift. His expedients for bringing translation within verse form are most clumsy. Awkwardly stilted inversion is one, reminding us of the play in "Midsummer Night's Dream": "When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar," and so forth. Docking the article is another;

How sting of conscience hope to still?

Or again:

Perish on the block in city-square;

and yet again:

Such is the will of Tsar and his Boyards.

These tricks, constantly repeated, give a hopeless impression of impotence to control verse. Prose is better than all but fine verse-rendering, certainly better than verse like this. It is a pity Mr. Turner did not give his knowledge of Russian unchecked scope by a downright literal translation.

Under these circumstances, much has to be allowed for in our impression of the Muscovite poet. He studied and imitated Shakespeare, but especially Byron. He does not, however, like Shakespeare in German, and Byron in all languages, translate well. The loss of metrical beauty and beauty of poetic diction is evidently fatal with him. Frankly to speak, he is disappointing in English guise. A certain Byronic straightness to the matter is his. But he has not those turns of eloquence and rhetorical art, the point, the antithesis, the balance, the studied and abrupt contrast—the oratorical devices, in fine, which make Byron translate so effectively. At the same time, he has all the Byronic lack of great imagery. Nay, there is no need for the adjective; purely and simply, he lacks imagery. Throughout the book there is not one image either

beautiful or striking; not one which the most minor English poet would not think trite and beneath his capacities. We do him an injustice in speaking thus; for he can scarce be said to aim at or desire imagery. In this respect he is altogether opposed to the spirit of Teutonic poetry, with its thick-coming figurative opulence, and akin to the spirit of French or Greek poetry. Yet hardly any Greek, hardly any French poet even, of like lyric impulse, is so bare of images, has a style so unfeathered by imagery or the research of imagery. Now, to translate well, a poet must have great or at least striking ideas; or, failing that, he must have the arts of eloquence and rhetoric to which we have referred. Poushkin has none of all these things. Fire and directness seem to be his chief qualities, and they come ill out of translation.

His famous masterpiece, the tragedy "Boris Godounoff," is not impressive in English and to the countrymen of Shakespeare, under whose influence it was written. Plainly, it is a very elementary effort as a play; and if it be a vast improvement on previous Russian plays, the fact does not speak much for Russian drama. It imitates the weakest features of Shakespeare's historical plays not wisely but too well. Russian history is followed literally in a series of scenes which succeed each other without art. The drama is almost void of dramatic structure. It meanders as history meanders, and the last three scenes pass after the death of its hero, who is so little heroic that the interest is equally divided between him and the Pretender Grigory, a much more taking figure, who in his turn disappears totally from the final scenes, leaving the stage entirely to featureless subordinates. There is nothing in the play that we understand by poetry, nor yet the rhetoric and eloquence which replaces the poetic convention in the best French drama. It depends purely on the dramatic power which it has not got. Nevertheless, individual scenes show much true dramatic spirit, so that one marvels Poushkin did not outgo this—as it seems to us—tentative effort. "The Stone Guest" is an able little version of the Don Juan legend, but scarcely more. "The Bronze Cavalier" is Byronic, and doubtless has a rush and fire in the original which (as we have explained) disappear in translation. It is the same with "Pultava." But let us take the minor poems, where we can form some better idea of the true Poushkin. Here, even through the veil of translation which is not veritably verse or prose, we can get some conception of direct, clear-cut, forcible expression and masculine strength of sentiment. "A Study," one can see, is a grimly tragic vignette of peasant life, with a Heinesque turn at the close. "A Winter Morning" must be vivid in the original. "The Poet" and "My Monument" breathe an austere independence which, given the poet's diction, that we have not here, must be noble and monumental. So it is with other work, mixed with some which is second-hand Byron—and second-hand Byron is intolerable to us, however it may be in Russia. But quite the finest thing in translation is the invective against "The Calumniators of Russia." Given English form by a poet, it would make a fine and burning patriotic poem. In a book which is not very quotable, it is the most quotable thing; and we cite the final stanza:

Your threats are loud; now, try and prove as loud in deed?

Think ye the aged hero, sleeping in his bed,

No more has strength to wield the sword of Ismail?

Or that the word of Russian Tsar has weaker grown?

Or have we ne'er with Europe warred,

And lost the victor's cunning skill?

Or are we few? From shores of Perm to southern Tauris,

From Finnish cliffs of ice to fiery Colchis,

From Kremlin's battered battlements

As far as China's circling wall

Not one shall fail his country's call.

Then send, assemblies of the West,

Your fiercest troops in full array!

In Russian plains we'll find them place

To sleep with those who fell before!

Clearly a strong poet with a trumpet note in him, and worthy, we do not doubt, of his country's homage. Yet this book leaves us with a surmise (necessarily doubtful and hesitant) that the nation in which he is the greatest poet is not one of the nations great in poetry; and, in any case, we fear Mr. Turner's volume will not achieve its laudable purpose of making him known and honoured in England. It is perhaps impossible; certainly it will need more than a knowledge of Russian to do it.

Old Histories and New Discoveries.

Authority and Archaeology. By S. R. Driver, D.D., and Others. Edited by David G. Hogarth. (John Murray. 16s.)

THIS book seems to have been begun with one purpose and finished with another. The original scheme, as indicated in its First and Third Parts, was apparently to show how modern research has affected our view of the Bible as history; but later it seems to have occurred to the projectors that they might as well throw in something about pre-historic Europe and the latest ideas on the constitution of the Roman Empire. We do not complain of the result, which has produced what the French call a "Bulletin" of Archaeology, but it makes it necessary that we should consider the book from two different points of view.

And, first, as to the effect of archaeological discovery upon the authority of Scripture. On this, as might be expected, Prof. Driver speaks with no uncertain sound. He gives up, in fact, all the points over which science and religion have wrangled for the last fifty years, and declares that the view which regards the cosmogony of the Book of Genesis as literally true "is no longer tenable." He also considers it as proved that the account of the Creation contained in it is dependent on Babylonian sources, and, therefore, has as little claim to originality as it has to authenticity. Readers of the ACADEMY have been kept too well-informed of the advance of knowledge in this respect (see, for instance, the review of Prof. Sayce's *Early History of the Hebrews* in the ACADEMY of June 4, 1898) for it to be necessary to dwell much upon this, and it will be sufficient to notice that while Prof. Driver is willing to allow that "the Biblical teachers respecting Joseph embody a genuine nucleus of historical fact," he thinks "not so much can be said of the testimony of the inscriptions to the oppression and the Exodus." "Of course, those who accept these facts as narrated in the Book of Exodus will find in the inscriptions interesting antiquarian and topographical illustrations of them; but those who seek corroboration of the facts from the monuments will be disappointed." When he comes to the Book of Kings, he finds that the monuments explain as well as confirm the Bible, as, for instance, the British Museum inscriptions of Sennacherib, which make it plain, although, as he says, it "would not be suspected from the Biblical narrative," that Hezekiah's rebellion was part of a preconcerted plan in which many cities of Phœnicia and Philistia took part. Prof. Sayce's theory that Jerusalem was besieged and taken by Sennacherib's father, Sargon, he cannot away with, and he speaks with some heat of his brother professor's strictures upon the Higher Critics, which, he says, are due to misapprehension of the facts of the case: "Either the critics have not held the opinions imputed to them, or the opinions rightly imputed to them have not been overthrown by the discoveries of archaeology."

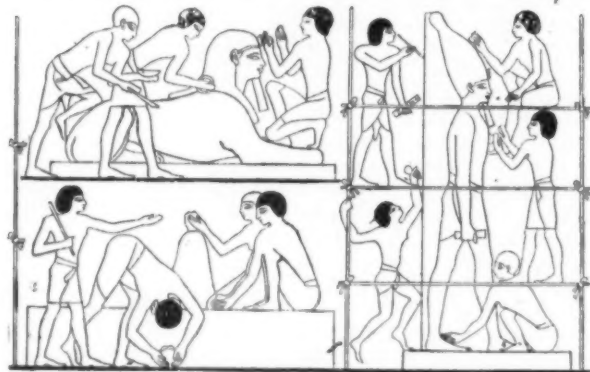
The part relating to the New Testament is entrusted to Mr. Headlam, of All Souls', who treats of the additions lately made to our knowledge by the inscriptions discovered in Phrygia and the catacombs, the *logia* of Jesus, and the Gospel and Apocalypse of Peter. On the whole, he considers that these discoveries are of service in bringing before us in lifelike form the early history of Christianity and

of the transition period when the multitude was both Christian and heathen at the same time; "but on the actual evidence for the doctrines of the earliest Christians, the life and death of the Redeemer (archæology) is silent," and he gives excellent reasons why it is likely to remain so.

We turn to those parts of the book which give an account of the most recent results of research where it is not necessary to compare them with the Biblical traditions, and find that each department is in charge of a master of his craft. Mr. F. L. Griffith is responsible for a chapter on "Egypt and Assyria," and is no doubt right in discrediting the earlier parts of Herodotus' history, though he hardly goes so far in this respect as Prof. Sayce has done in his earlier writings. In the latter parts he sees "a decided improvement," and one gathers that he thinks valuable facts are still to be gathered from Diodorus and Plutarch. It may be doubted, however, whether he will long maintain Borchardt's theory that the tomb discovered by M. de Morgan at Negadah was really that of Menes, the first king of Egypt. An excellent chapter by the editor on "Pre-historic Greece" gives a clear account of the discoveries made by Schliemann and Mr. Arthur Evans, and will convince most people that there flourished round the shores of the Mediterranean, at least twenty centuries before our era, a high civilisation which owed nothing to Semitic influence. The story is continued by Prof. Ernest Gardner in a chapter on "Historic Greece," in which he advances the theory that Greek art of the best period was but a survival and renaissance of Mycenaean tradition. Mr. Haverfield, of Christ Church, winds up this part of the book with a too short chapter on "The Roman World," which is one of the best things in the book. He perhaps somewhat strains the evidence when he suggests that the Etruscan civilisation was really an importation from Lydia; but his picture, largely taken from Mommsen, of the vast complex of the Roman Empire and of the lessening importance of Rome in it should be read by everyone. Altogether, the book may be heartily recommended as the best attempt that we are likely to have in English to keep the general reader abreast of the progress of archaeological discovery in the field most likely to interest him.

Light from the East. By the Rev. C. J. Ball, M.A., &c. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 15s.)

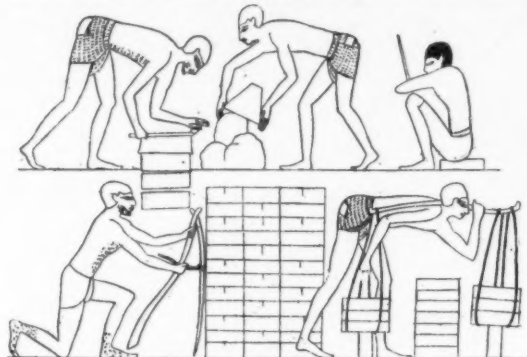
SIMULTANEOUSLY with the above there has appeared a book which might have been, though it certainly was not, designed as its complement. If there is an omission in the scheme of Mr. Hogarth's book it is that it contains no precise



EGYPTIAN STATUARIES AT WORK.

references to a number of monuments such as the Chaldean Account of Genesis and the like, with which many of its readers may be unfamiliar. But in the nick of time comes Mr. Ball's book to supply the defect, so far as Biblical archaeology is concerned, with illustrations and explanations of the monuments themselves. Here the

reader will find excellent reproductions of the tablets containing the Babylonian Legends of the Creation, the Flood, and of Nimrod, together with all the historical inscriptions on which Prof. Driver relies for his arguments in favour of the historical accuracy of the Book of Kings. He will also get all the known monuments of the Hittites and many scenes from contemporary sculptures of scenes in the daily life of the Assyrians and Egyptians. When we add to these the Moabite Stone and some of the more



BRICK-MAKING IN EGYPT.

famous bilingual inscriptions, such as the Canopus and the Rosetta Stone, and much philological information as to the origin of the Hebrew alphabet, it will be seen that the purchaser of the book gets plenty of value for the very moderate price at which it is published. The name of Mr. W. H. Rylands, the secretary of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, who is, we understand, responsible for the two hundred illustrations it contains, is sufficient guarantee for their excellence, while they have been excellently reproduced.

A Hard-headed Christian.

Extracts from the Diary and Autobiography of the Rev. James Clegg. Edited by Henry Kirke. (Sampson Low. 6s.)

THE author of this quaint diary, now for the first time printed, was a Nonconformist minister who spent his life in the little Derbyshire village of Chapel-en-le-Frith. Here he laboured to keep together a congregation formed in 1662 by the Rev. William Bagshawe (called the "Apostle of the Peak") after the Act of Uniformity had driven him from his living in the Church of England.

Mr. Clegg succeeded to the pulpit in 1703, and occupied it for over fifty years. His stipend being only £20 per annum, he took a small farm, which he worked to his profit. A busier man than Clegg could not have been found in the countryside. He was doctor as well as minister, and was often dealing with small-pox. Innumerable church and family affairs took him hither and thither on his mare. He prayed with widows, dined with justices, and disputed with fanatics. On a Sunday he would preach sometimes for three hours, give the Lord's Supper to a hundred communicants, and catechise thirty or forty children in the afternoon. And doing a hundred things well, Mr. Clegg still found time to keep a record of his life.

The diary is a veritable document. It reveals Mr. Clegg as a man to whom faith and works were equally important—an all-round Christian, able and willing to make the best of both worlds. His faith in God was the mere rule of his commonplace life. He recognised His arm in everything. Whatever happened, it was "Thank God," or "Thy Will be Done." The smallest daily occurrences were from Him. Mr. Clegg simply revelled in providential escapes and "merciful deliverances." His "good

black mare" must have been a joy to him, for she was continually pitching him over her head or dropping him into swamps or rivers. This is the sort of thing:

March 10, 1729-30.—Mr. White and his wife dined with me, and I returned with them to Martinside. . . . We stayed too late, and the night being very dark, I narrowly escaped a dangerous fall into a stone pitt which my mare jumped into before I was aware of it. How many and how great deliverances . . .

Sometimes the mare arranged a tableau with a distinct eye to the grotesque. Thus:

May 10.—I set out for home [from Manchester]. . . . When I was on horseback to return, in passing through a yate, an iron hook it was hasped with caught hold on my great coat, and stuck through ye top of my strong boot, and ye mare rushing forward from under mee, I fell on my head and shoulder to the ground with great violence, the rest of my Body hung by my Boot on ye Hook. Francis Thompson with difficulty disengaged me. . . . This was a great and remarkable deliverance; I desire I may never forget it. Blessed be God for this merciful and seasonable appearance to me.

And again, out of a dozen instances:

June 2, 1737-8.—I had a very merciful deliverance when mounting my mare.

In short, the mare could generally be counted on to test Mr. Clegg's faith at short intervals, and elicit from him a rapturous, if rather shaky, hymn of praise. Between times Mr. Clegg would be harmlessly tossed by "a madding cow," or he would stand under a falling tree, "narrowly escaping ye loss of an eye, blessed be God!" or he would set his bed on fire with a candle and escape roasting, "blessed be God!" or he would find a fish-hook in his mouth when eating turbot at dinner . . . "but thro' Mercy," &c.

Mr. Clegg was no ascetic. He played bowls and shuffleboard, fished in the river Wye, accepted a barrel of oysters, and was even "innocently merry" on occasion. And he enjoyed his books:

July 6.—I receiv'd Bayle's Great Historical and Critical Dictionary. It cost me 4 guineas. I spent most of ye day in it.

In it! Charles Lamb would have found great virtue in the preposition. It was a matter of concern, too, to Mr. Clegg to sell his live stock and garner his crops. In the midst of entries about village disputes, cases of illness, and schisms, we come on such a pure lyrical note as this: "I was at home with ye reapers." And, again, what a day of health and success was March 2, 1737: "We had six teams came to plow for us. They did a great deal of work and did it well. And blessed be God no disaster befell any of them." Another day of triumph: "Dec. 22, 1724—Ye ffatt swine was killed." Again: "Sept. 1st, 1747—I sold my two fat cows to a butcher of Ashton for 6 pounds 15 shillings. Our second crop of clover grass was well got in yesterday."

Farmer and doctor, as well as parson, Mr. Clegg was in no danger of becoming a visionary. He had a goodly measure of the Spirit; never was he carried away by it. Not for him was George Fox's ecstasy. The Quaker died to the world, and valiantly stitched himself a pair of leather breeches. But James Clegg was not so minded, for we read:

June 23, 1747.—Two taylors came from Prestbury to make me cloaths.

There you have the difference between the prophet aflame with his gospel and the pastor carrying on the gospel tradition in a comfortable and regular way. Mr. Clegg would even apply commercial standards to spiritual matters. On July 20, 1754, a year before his death, he complains in his diary of Mr. Joshua Wood's neglect to repair a certain piece of road: "After . . . some weeks . . . I threatened to have it indicted at the Sessions, upon which he sent Mr.

Slack to let me know that he relinquished his seat in our Chapel, and was determined never more to come there." On this action of Mr. Wood's the minister sorrowfully remarks: "Thus my endeavours to serve yt family in all their sicknesses and to promote their Eternal Salvation above 52 years are required."

But Mr. Clegg's quaintest blend of heavenly and worldly considerations occurs in another entry. Here it is:

Dec. 4, 1753.—I was under apprehensions of dying shortly, and my greatest concern was for ye continuance of ye means of Salvation in these parts after my Decease, but God can provide, and on him I rely. With a view to this I have a ticket purchased for me in the Irish Lottery. If Providence shall favour me with a prize, I have determined that one halfe of it shall be applied to that use, or to some other that shall appear more pious and charitable.

We do not know whether Mr. Clegg won a prize in the Irish Lottery, but we may feel quite certain that if he did he shared it according to his promise.

Our feeling to the editor of this curious work is one of deliberate gratitude. For time has made James Clegg's diary a true book, valuable for its picture of English country life in the reigns of Anne and the first two Georges, and lovable for its revelation of the hard-headed Christian who wrote it.

The Varieties of Man.

Man Past and Present. By A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S. "Cambridge Geographical" Series. (Pitt Press. 12s.)

THE learned and interesting volume is intended as a successor to the author's *Anthropology* in the same series. The first two chapters, therefore, sum up and restate the conclusions already arrived at. Prof. Keane briefly discusses the "missing link"—missing until 1892, and then discovered by Dubois in the *Pithecanthropus erectus* or *Homo javanensis* of the pliocene beds of East Java—the probable dispersion of the species in the pleistocene period from a single centre, and the gradual differentiation in distinct habitats and under various conditions of the existing human types or varieties. Then he traces the sequence of the ages of culture, the stone ages, paleolithic and neolithic, the copper, bronze, and iron ages, and the evolution of those essential instruments of progressive culture, systems of writing. The bulk of the talk which follows takes one by one the primary divisions of man, and discusses in considerable detail their subdivisions, probable migrations and characteristics. These primary divisions are four: there are the Negroes (African and Oceanic), the Mongols, the aborigines of America, and the Caucasians. The last of these are, of course, except to the scientific anthropologist, far and away the most interesting group: they include, but for the Turks, Finns and Huns, all the peoples of Europe, together with the Semites, the Egyptians, and the majority of the peoples of India. They claim all the civilisations, except the extinct civilisations of Mexico and Peru, and the stationary civilisations of China and Japan.

One naturally looks to Prof. Keane for some light on the moot points between the philologists and the craniologists as to the constituent elements of the populations of Europe and of these islands in particular. So far as language goes it is notorious that, if Mongols and the unique Basques are set aside, the whole of Europe speaks tongues which may be assumed to have developed from a common original, and which may be grouped as Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic, Greek, Latin, and so forth, under the general head of Aryan. The craniologists, however, claim that this uniformity of speech is no index to uniformity of blood; and they hold that all European peoples are blends in varying degrees of three distinct types or varieties. These are, firstly, *Homo Mediterraneanus*, the dark-haired, dark-eyed South European; secondly, *Homo Alpinus*, the

reddish haired, brown or grey eyed Central European; and, thirdly, *Homo Europæus*, the light-haired, blue-eyed, North European. The first and third of these types have long (dolichocephalic) heads; the second, round (brachycephalic) heads. Prof. Keane's view appears to be that the Aryan language properly belongs only to *Homo Europæus*, and that it has been borrowed from him by the two other varieties. The cradle of all these, he says, was North Africa; from here Europe was first peopled by *Homo Mediterraneus*, who crossed by a bridge of land which formerly connected Africa with Sicily: he is the Iberian, the Pelasgic, the Silurian, the Pict, the man of the British long barrows; his language survives in Basque. Numerically, he still forms a large proportion of the peoples of South Europe, and a considerable proportion of our own race, especially in the Welsh and Irish districts; but he has been conquered, and his language swamped, first of all by what the philologists call the Celts—that is, *Homo Alpinus*—who came into Europe from the Eurasian plains, having gone round by that route from Africa, and apparently having learnt the Aryan tongue from *Homo Europæus* before he entered Europe at all; and, secondly, by *Homo Europæus* himself, who is represented by what the philologists call the Teutonic race, and who exists in the purest state among the Scandinavians: he also came in from Asia. The difficulty, as it seems to us, is to understand quite how or why the round-headed *Homo Alpinus* took it into his round head to borrow the language of the long-headed *Homo Europæus*. They may have been near each other on the Eurasian plains, but they did not, for all that, amalgamate. Is it possible that they were one stock when the language was formed, and that the differentiation of head form grew up later? The anthropologists ought to tell us what are the conditions which determine round-headedness, and how long it presumably took to develop a varietal distinction of skull. Then, again, did the *Homo Alpinus* borrow the civilisation, and, notably, the religion of the *Homo Europæus* with his language, for in all essentials the religion of Celt and Teuton is the same? In any case, what became of the religion of the *Homo Mediterraneus*? Is he responsible, as Mr. Gomme thinks, for agriculture and the earth-worship of the agriculturist? Or did he really, as Nietzsche said, develop our altruistic morality and impose it upon the self-regarding morality of the blond Aryan beast who conquered him? Or were the religions of all these European varieties developed under similar conditions in North Africa, and, therefore, originally identical? Obviously anthropology has some pretty problems still before it.

Come, Spur Away.

The Open Road: a Little Book for Wayfarers. Compiled by E. V. Lucas. (Grant Richards. 5s.)

WHEN starting on a journey of a day, or a year, this little limp, apple-green coloured book is the book to slip into the pocket. It is meant for the right kind of wayfarers—those who have time to observe, who can spend a morning sitting under a tree with a book for company. It is meant not only for those whose inward call is for great poetry, such as the *Intimations Ode* and the *Grecian Urn*, but also for those to whose general mood haunting verse makes appeal—verse like this snatch of Stevenson's:

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old, plain men have rosy faces
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes.

Or that wholesome, invigorating Boy's Prayer of Mr. Beeching's:

God, who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:

Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

Or Ada Smith's

London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves a-glinting
'Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn sun!
London water's wine, poured out for all unstinting—
God! For the little brooks that tumble as they run.

Or that poem of Mr. Yeats's beginning with the haunting line:

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree;
mysterious in its way, and prescient of the untoward, as that earlier line:

Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.

Poems that stir, poems that touch, poems that haunt, poems that give a lilt to a man's mood—all kinds are to be found in this anthology of *The Open Road*. Now, there are many anthologies upon the town. In reviewing a new collection, it seems to us, that there are two questions to be asked—(1) Does the anthologist show good taste? (2) Has he been severely loyal to the scope of his anthology as planned by himself? If the answer to these questions be in the affirmative, there is no need for criticism; only appreciation. We are quite aware that the accepted method of reviewing an anthology is to go through it page by page, exclaiming against the inclusion of this poem and the exclusion of that. Here is a case in point. We pick up a copy of a contemporary, which happens to contain a notice of *The Open Road*. The eye at once falls upon this passage: "Mr. Beeching's verses about coasting on a bicycle are charming, but a still better bicycling poem was written some years back by Mr. T. W. Rolleston."

The question at issue, it seems to us, is, not what the reviewer would have done, but how the reviewer has done what he set out to do; and whether, he being what he is, the task were worth his doing. An anthology should be the expression of a temperament, the choice of a mature mind. Everybody, at some period or other of his life, should make an anthology. It is not necessary to go to the expense of printing. The titles would serve.

The volume before us is just what it calls itself—a little book for wayfarers. As the expression of a temperament, and of a roving and sensitive mind that has kept a definite plan before it, we accept this little volume with gratitude. The book is divided into sections: "Farewell to Winter," "The Road," "Spring and the Beauty of the Earth," "The Sea," "The Reddening Leaf," and so on. A careful examination of these sections reveals the scheme of the volume, explains the inclusion of the *Intimations Ode*, "Lycidas," and "The Grecian Urn." To each hour of the day, and to each mood of the hour, here is offered the particular moment's solace. In the early morning of brisk step and bounding pulse there is Walt Whitman's fine song of "The Open Road"; for high noon, Shelley's "Hymn of Apollo"; for the drowsy hour after sip and sup, "The Hill Pantheist" from Jefferies' *The Story of My Heart*. "The Angler's Rest" from Izaak Walton would go well with a cup of tea; at nightfall, going softly through the pines, there is Wordsworth with the *Ode*, and some lines from Tintern Abbey; after dinner, over a long pipe, with legs stretched out, there is a merry-serious thing called "Jack," and for the last thing at night, when the tired limbs nuzzle into the cool sheets, what better than Herrick's "Thanksgiving to God," or that great Dirge:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o' the great . . .

Other New Books.

WORDSWORTH AND THE COLERIDGES. BY ELLIS YARNALL.

Mr. Yarnall is an American gentleman who visited Wordsworth in 1849, not long before his death. He found him "a tall figure, a little bent with age, his hair thin and grey, and his face deeply wrinkled. The expression of his countenance was sad, mournful I might say; he seemed one on whom sorrow pressed heavily." Wordsworth said that, considering the extension of the English language, it behoved those who wrote to see to it that what they put forth was on the side of virtue. The remark was made in a serious, thoughtful way, and Mr. Yarnall was much impressed by it; and he could not but reflect that to Wordsworth a deep sense of responsibility had ever been present: to purify and elevate had ever been the purpose of all his writings. Wordsworth subsequently said that he loathed the very memory of Henry VIII.; that *Herodotus* was the most interesting and instructive book next to the Bible; and that Bishop Thirlwall had a sneering way of talking. Then they went out of doors, and Wordsworth walked with one hand thrust into his half-unbuttoned waistcoat and with an encroaching gait. His trousers were grey. "The last subject he touched on was the international copyright question—the absence of protection in our country [America] to the works of foreign authors. He said mildly that he thought it would be better for us if some acknowledgment, however small, was made. The fame of his own writings, as far as pecuniary advantage was concerned, he had long regarded with indifference; happily he had now an income more than sufficient for all his wants." From these quotations from the most interesting of Mr. Yarnall's papers it will be seen that his beer is not exactly triple X. The other papers deal with smaller men. Among them is Charles Kingsley, who is reported to have said that Lowell's "Fable for Critics" was worthy of Rabelais. The book is kindly, and it records a few sayings which we are glad to read; but we are bound to say that Mr. Yarnall is not an ideal interviewer, and, for the most part, the literary acquaintances whom he visited did not talk to him by any means at their best. (Macmillan. 10s.)

DINNERS AND DINERS. BY LIEUT.-COL. NEWNHAM-DAVIS.

Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis wrote a long and popular series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on "Dinners and Diners." Therein he reviewed a great many London restaurants, described the dinner he consumed in each, and stated the price he paid for each meal. He has now marshalled these articles into a book, a very good book of its kind. Here are some bits of the author's wisdom:

The manager is the man to look for, if possible, when composing a menu. The higher you reach up that glorious scale of responsibility which runs from manager to marmite, the more intelligent help you will get in ordering your dinner, the more certain you are to have an artistic meal, and not to be spending money unworthily.

In Paris no man dreams of drinking champagne, and nothing but champagne, for dinner; but in London the climate and the taste of the fair sex go before orthodox rules, . . . and as the ladies, as a rule, would think a dinner at a restaurant incomplete without champagne, ninety-nine out of a hundred Englishmen, in ordering a little dinner for two, turn instinctively to the champagne page for the wine card. It is wrong; but until we get a new atmosphere, and give up taking ladies out to dinner, champagne will be practically the only wine drunk at restaurants.

"I will give you soup, fish, roast—nothing more," said Joseph; and misinterpreting my silence, he went on: "In England you taste your dinners; you do not eat them. An artist who is confident of his art only puts a small

dinner before his clients. It is a bad workman who slurs over his failures by giving many dishes." This is exactly what I have been preaching on the housetops for years.

Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis makes capital out of his guests in a very entertaining way, so that his book is a budget of human nature and conversational pleasantries, as well as of culinary lore—in fact, it is compounded, like a successful dinner, of good food and good talk. Of course, one notes omissions, as one does in any anthology. There is an unmentioned restaurant in Pantons-street which would please the old gentleman who said, "None of your d—d *à la's*, and remember I won't get into dress clothes for anybody"; and ejaculated later on, "Damme! they understand what a steak is, here." (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

ANNALS OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL. BY G. W. FISHER.

School histories can considerably vary in interest: the fault partly of the historian, but more, we think, of the school. Thus, it would be a very difficult feat to be dull about Eton or Winchester, so extensive and varied is the material to draw upon; but the work before us is distinctly solid. Solidity, however, may be a better quality than the power to interest, and in the present instance it would be unfair to call it a drawback. Mr. Fisher, who gave so much time and care to the preparation of the history, died in November last, before the printing was completed, and the last touches have been added by Mr. Spencer Hill, himself an O.S. The result is a full account of a notable and illustrious home of education, from its beginning in 1548 to the present day. Shrewsbury was founded in Edward the Sixth's reign, but not until Thomas Ashton took command, in 1561, did it take its place as a great school. Among the eight hundred scholars who were admitted during his first six years of mastership were Philip Sidaey and Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke; and Sidney remains a hero to all Salopians. Stage by stage we are brought down the three and a half centuries, the latter part being more familiar to us by reason of the same ground being covered in the recent Life of Shrewsbury's great headmaster, Dr. Samuel Butler. Mr. Fisher's preference for fact above anecdote makes his account of Butler's rule less interesting than it might be; but he tells the story of the neighbouring resident who called to complain of the honourable Shrewsbury habit of chorusing, and who was shown to the door with the remark: "What! my boys not sing? But my boys shall sing." A list of the favourite songs is given, and very full-bodied, stirring songs they are; beginning with "Spankedillo [in Sussex he is called Twankeydillo], the prince of jolly fellows," and ending with "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen." Among more recent Salopians who have made a name in the world are mentioned the present headmaster of Dulwich, Mr. Gilkes, Mr. T. E. Page of Charterhouse, Dr. R. F. Horton, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Owen Seaman, and Mr. Graham Wallas. The book is one which all old boys who honour their school are bound to possess. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

EUGÉNIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. BY CLARA TSCHUDI.

This book (translated by E. M. Cope) is described on the title-page as "A Popular Sketch." That is exactly what it is. It is a popular sketch, with the admixture of candour or malice—the author may be described as seeing between the two—which a certain class of readers demand in royal biography. The authoress, we are told, "has tried to be impartial in her judgment, and to distinguish, as in the case of Marie Antoinette, between weaknesses and faults." Well, if one wants to write an unkind book about a person, there is no surer method than to devote one's space to distinguishing between his or her weaknesses and faults, which are thus both assured of a show. Some allowances, of course, must be made. The fierce light which beats upon a lost throne cannot be

softened beyond a certain point; and those who want to see poor royalty turned inside out will find these pages entertaining. Personally, we find them rather pitiless; and as the book makes no pretension to historical weight, we need add nothing to this indication of its qualities. The chapter on "Eugénie as a Leader of Fashion"—the Empress revived and maintained the great crinoline fashion of the sixties—is curious reading, not without historical value. Small errors slightly mar the book, as on p. 80, where "incredible" should clearly be "incredulous." (Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 6s.)

GIANTS OF THE GAME. BY THE HON. R. H. LYTTELTON.

The game is cricket, and the giants begin with Daft and Carpenter and V. E. Walker, and work down to the present day, Ranjitsinhji figuring on the cover. They are not all precisely giants, but the term will serve; nor is Mr. Lyttelton the only author, the book being a compound of articles by that gentleman, Mr. W. J. Ford, Mr. C. B. Fry, and George Giffen. Of these writers Mr. Lyttelton is the most accomplished and Mr. Fry the most sprightly. Mr. Lyttelton ranges from the fifties and sixties to the batting of Mr. Jessop. Mr. W. J. Ford, who can himself lift a ball over the pavilion with some ease, recalls big hitters—who are becoming, by the way, rather a favourite subject for his pen. Mr. Fry describes cricketers with whom he has played, and Mr. Giffen confines himself to the giants of Australia, old and new. We are not quite sure whether Mr. Fry's practice of turning his associates into copy is to be commended: it seems to bring the pen rather too near the bat; but he certainly does it very entertainingly. We cannot, however, consider that in the following passage Mr. Murdoch's powers as a humorist are exactly proved: "He does not commit puns, of course, nor sputter epigrams; he is simply, genuinely, and unaffectedly amusing. Instead of 'It will rain hard to-day,' he says, 'Boys, the sparrows will be washed out'; instead of 'I'm in good form,' he asks, in a concentrated voice, 'Where's Surrey?'" Nor are we able quite to follow Mr. Fry when he compares Mr. Newham, of Sussex, to D'Artagnan. But there is no call to find fault with a book which means so well and passes so many great names in review. (Ward, Lock. 1s.)

STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE. BY M. SURTEES TOWNSEND.

It may be laid down as an axiom that a book which has been written well should not be written again. Hence, Charles and Mary Lamb having retold Shakespeare's dramas in a manner perfectly suited for children, there was no call for the present volume. Here is the opening of the first story in the book, "Miranda; or, The Tempest":

"It certainly is a terrible storm," said Miranda to herself.

All night long the glare of the lightning and the boom of the thunder above the roar of the wind and the waves had kept her awake. She had trembled with fear as she lay sleepless upon her little bed lest there should be any ships out in such a tempest.

That phrase "little bed" condemns the author utterly. Miranda thereby becomes a child, and one of Shakespeare's sweetest creations is made ridiculous. It is no fit preparation of a child for these dramas to serve them up in the style of an "Aunt Jane's Gift-book." (Warne.)

MODERN ENGLAND. BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Mr. McCarthy has already written of modern England before the Reform Bill for the "Story of the Nations" series. He now contributes to the same series a volume dealing with England under Queen Victoria. It is all old ground to Mr. McCarthy; and it may be said that no living writer could deal with the subject with more ease. In rather fewer than 350 pages Mr. McCarthy surveys the great facts and careers of the last sixty years, beginning with the

gloomy subject of "The Convict Ship," then passing to "Tithes and State Church in Ireland," "Queen Victoria," "The Foundation of the Canadian Dominion," "The Chartist Collapse," &c., &c. We have separate chapters on Peel, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone; and the book concludes with a kind of pemmican presentation of the "Literature, Art, and Science" of the reign. The portraits and illustrations are numerous and good. (Unwin. 5s.)

THE TRIAL OF JESUS CHRIST. BY A. TAYLOR INNES.

Mr. Innes is a member of the Scottish Bar, and in his monograph treats his subject altogether in a forensic spirit. Here is his conclusion:

We have found that it was a double trial, conducted with a certain regard to the forms of the two most famous jurisprudences of the world. In both trials the judges were unjust, and the trial was unfair; yet in both the right issue was substantially raised. Even the form which that issue took was, in a sense, the same in both. Jesus Christ was arraigned on a double charge of treason; the treason in the Theocratic court being a (constructive) speaking against God, while in the Imperial court it was a (constructive) speaking against Caesar. But under these tortuous traditions of a twofold law the real historical question was twice over-reached, and the true claim of the accused was made truly known. He died because in the ecclesiastical council He claimed to be the Son of God and the Messiah of Israel, and because before the world-wide tribunal He claimed to be Christ a King.

In the dry light of the trained analytical mind the august tragedy, as Mr. Innes handles it in the course of his inquiry, is touched with a new gleam of realism. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 2s. 6d.)

THE BRITISH EMPIRE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. EDITED BY REV. E. D. PRICE.

A simple, useful dictionary, with an unnecessarily imposing title. "Wase, wāz, n., a circular straw head-covering used by porters when carrying loads." Wases are common objects of the London pavement, and we learn their name for the first time. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Fiction.

Hunger. Translated from the Norwegian of Knut Hamsun by George Egerton. (Leonard Smithers & Co. 6s.)

THIS is that one book which every man has it in him to write—a fragment of life itself, hacked apart and flung at the reader all raw, bleeding, crude, and amorphous. But what does it mean, what does it signify morally, this record of the starving of a young journalist in the most sprightly of northern capitals, Christiania? It means nothing, it carries no significance; it has neither beginning nor end, for though the youth does take ship for Scotland on the last page, he might as well have done so on the hundredth or the two hundredth. There is no climax, no accumulation of impressiveness; no large idea looming in the background of this amazing, seething multitude of trivial facts. The cleverness, the graphic power, the audacious realism, the saturnine fantasy of wit—these qualities are undeniable. We admit them with gladness. Someone said of *Anna Karenina* that it was not *like* life, it was life itself. Eulogy was doubtless intended, but actually the phrase contains a condemnation. *Hunger* is not *like* life, it is life; and there it fails. Art is not life, but something far less crude, less sprawling, and more essentially significant.

The translator says that *Hunger* made a sensation in Christiania. We can believe it. There are passages of miraculous reporting. The hero's interview with a dealer, to whom he wants to sell a blanket (pp. 134-5), is done simply to perfection; the cadger's shiftiness and resource,

the dealer's divine indifference—a cinematograph working at forty to the second couldn't beat the rendering. Then the *quasi*-seduction scene just a hundred pages later is certainly meant to startle. Not many London publishers would have passed such a scene. Yet London will probably not experience the slightest sensation over *Hunger*. At once less keen for novelty, and more secure in its critical poise, London will accept *Hunger* with a cold, inimical calm. For the unlettered will ignore it, and the lettered will perceive that, though it may be surgery, it is not fiction.

George Egerton is evidently an admirer of Knut Hamsun. In her preface she pleads that *Hunger* is a first book, written ten years ago, and that since then the author has produced more mature work. If she wished to introduce him to England, surely it would have been better to begin by translating his best.

Both Great and Small. By A. E. J. Legge.
(John Lane. 6s.)

THOUGH this domestic novel discloses Mr. Legge's ability with much distinctness, it cannot be called an unqualified success. It has shortcomings of imagination, of construction, of observation, and of attitude. Its imaginative power is middling—not weak, but not strong; the lyric note, which occurs somewhere in every really strong novel, is never attained. The plot is too elaborate, and does not cohere. There are really two plots—the coming together of Lord Chesterton and Beatrice Felsted, and the drifting apart of Jim Burgrave and his wife; and these two schemes are not vitally connected. Fifty years ago unity of theme was not necessary to a fine novel; to-day it is: the technique of fiction has advanced. Many incidents and descriptions are quite irrelevant to the progress of the tale. The final scene, in which the reconciled Jim Burgrave and his wife are caught by the rising tide, is merely annoying. Mr. Legge should know that the rising tide, as an instrument of tragedy in fiction, is completely and eternally exhausted. The observation is a curious mixture of first-hand and second-hand. Lord Chesterton, his diffident sisters, Beatrice, and Jim and his wife, are well and genuinely observed; they have authenticity. On the other hand, Miss Roote, Mrs. Burgrave's father, and some minor people, are concoctions, having no life. Throughout the book there is a frequent lack of "documentation." As to the author's attitude, we consider that he has taken no trouble to understand some of his characters. We refer particularly to Miss Roote. Miss Roote is a spinster and not young, and Mr. Legge can only see the absurd aspect of her. He grins continually at the inevitable mannerisms of her age and state. Such facetiousness would suit *Halfpenny Snippets*. Yet Mr. Legge might feel aggrieved if we denied him the title of serious novelist.

In spite of his sins and lapses, we will not deny him that title. Quite two-thirds of the book is admirably sincere, just, and unstrained—especially when considered in detail and not as a whole. In the relations between Mr. and Mrs. Burgrave, Mr. Legge sometimes overcomes enormous difficulties with brilliance. He has a pretty turn for psychology. Burgrave's description to Lord Chesterton of the beginning of love is as good as need be:

"Doubts! My feeling is plain enough. It's the nature of the feeling that puzzles me. Look here, Russley, you know I don't brag, and I don't think I imagine things about women's view of me, as a rule. I may be vain, but my vanity doesn't take that form. When that woman came on board the ship I hardly thought of her at all. I admired her to a certain extent, and when I got to know her I found her clever and interesting. But, I can't help telling you that I saw at once that she had fallen in love with me, and my only feeling was one of regret. I know I wasn't mistaken about it, for she has told me it was so, since. And though most people would call me a liar for

saying so, I wasn't a bit pleased, and my vanity wasn't touched. I tried to avoid her, and I tried to persuade myself that it was all imagination. But do what I could I couldn't help seeing it, and then gradually I came to realise that she had become of tremendous importance to me. It wasn't the sentimental sort of thing that one expects. It was just a feeling as if I were becoming possessed by some spirit, a sort of mania that was creeping over me and giving me no power to think of anything but this idea. I really believe if it hadn't soon come to a satisfactory understanding I should have gone mad."

We have the right to expect something of real importance from Mr. Legge in the future. Simplicity, authority for every detail, a widened sympathy: at these things he should aim.

Well, After All— By F. Frankfort Moore.
(Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

THE title of this book fairly describes the story; and perhaps Mr. Frankfort Moore, when he invented it, was being humorous at his own expense. For the novel does not, in fact, amount to much. Starting with a murder mystery and a jilted girl, Mr. Moore did but follow a beaten path in fiction in arranging that the girl should avenge herself by allowing her lover to fall in love with the daughter of the man who (she believed) had killed his brother. Mr. Moore displays a more original ingenuity when he swings the vengeance back upon its contriver; but in the *dénouement*, so crudely "happy," he returns again to the tactics of the serialist.

The tale is just a tale, a system of more or less improbable events, recounted in straightforward English, with a hint here and there of Mr. Moore's old wit and satire, and a few rather pointed touches of actuality which put a date on the book. Of the latter here is one. We are at the murder trial:

The judge upon this occasion was not the one whose anxiety to sentence men and women to be hanged is so great that he has now and again practically insisted on a jury returning a verdict of guilty against prisoners who, on being reprieved by the Home Secretary, were eventually found to be entirely innocent of the crime laid to their charge. Nor was he the one whose unfortunate infirmity of deafness prevents his hearing more than a word or two of the evidence. He was not even the one whose inability to perceive the difference between immorality and criminality is notorious. He was the one whose ingenuity is made apparent by his suggestion of certain possibilities which have never occurred to the counsel engaged in a case.

Some people would say that in such a passage Mr. Moore had committed a peccadillo against the proprieties of fiction, and we should be disposed to agree with them.

Loup Garou! By Eden Phillpotts.
(Sands & Co. 6s.)

THIS is a collection of West Indian stories. Brisk, bright, and sensational, they afford peculiarly easy reading. In each of them the interest lies in something held up the writer's sleeve, as in a conjuring trick. Curiosity is excited, and when it is appeased, the book is unlikely to claim a reperusal. The title-story, in which a hypocritical robber is shot while wearing the disguise of the West Indian "werewolf," is by no means the best—the types are outworn. Far better, and a story which may be pronounced literature, as distinct from a literary time-killer, is "The Skipper's Bible." Capt. Greenleaf was bringing a negro convict to Kingston to be hanged, and the poor fellow yearned for a Bible. Only the captain possessed a copy, and it took the mutiny of the mate to extort it from him. But when his quarrel with the mate had terminated to the advantage of the convict's soul, the captain was affable enough. He

informed the convict that he lent the book "on one condition. If ever you gets there [*i.e.*, to "the golden shore"] you can put in a word for this ship. Just a remark in a gen'ral sort of way—needn't mention no names. Carn't do no harm. Rub it into 'em up thar—see? I didn't lend that book kinder easy, but now you've got it you can hold on to it till we get to Kingston. And here's a bit o' lead pencil. Just mark the notions as seem sort o' best to you." "The Enigma of the Doubloons" is too reminiscent of "The Gold Bug" to be quite worth reading. In "Pete and Pete," another sea story, Mr. Phillpotts again reaches a high level. The sketch of the little negro who had to "sing second" to his namesake, the captain's pet monkey, and was less afraid of a sea full of sharks than of the captain's rage if he found his treasure missing, is genuinely humorous and not without a suggestion of pathos too.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SILENCE FARM.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

Mr. Sharp's novels are always carefully wrought; they challenge careful criticism. Here we have an intense love drama set in a lonely farm, with uncompromising descriptions of cow-byres and pig-sties and hen-coops, and all the sights and sounds of farming. These unceasingly pervade the story, compressing the drama, as it were. But the breath of the fields and the moors also sweeps in. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

BY ROLF BOLDBREWED.

Rolf Boldrewood's new novel is a stirring romance of the Maori wars in New Zealand. "Of the Maoris," remarks one of the characters, "it may be said most truly, as Sir Walter Scott said of the Borderer:

Let nobles fight for fame;
Let vassals follow where they lead.
Burghers to guard their townships bleed;
But war's the Borderer's game."

So most truly it is the Maori's. Next to the chance of killing his enemy, the chance of being killed himself is the most delightful excitement known to him." (Macmillan. 6s.)

JASON.

BY B. M. CROKER.

A volume of short stories by the author of *Diana Barrington* and a number of other well-read novels. "Jason" is the account of an impostor who succeeded for a while in deceiving a section of Anglo-Indian society; and Anglo-Indian society of a rather rapid variety plays its part in some of the other tales. All are brisk and tersely told. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

A RATIONAL MARRIAGE.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

A gay fantasia based on the "marriage question." Joan Trevor marries Larry O'Donnell on the understanding that they hide the fact, and live separate lives, with liberty for Larry to call on Joan and take tea in her flat, and with "secret outings in the evenings," &c.; in short, marriage in moderation is Joan's ideal. How it worked out is the story, which is pleasant reading. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

JENNIE BAXTER, JOURNALIST.

BY ROBERT BARR.

The second of Messrs. Methuen's Sixpenny novels. The heroine, who passes through a number of adventurous episodes, belongs to the same family as Mr. Grant Allen's latest heroine, Miss Cayley. Her inductive powers and presence of mind are alike wonderful. Mercy that all women are not as clever. (Methuen. 6d. and 1s.)

AN OBSTINATE PARISH.

BY M. L. LORD.

The parish was Hurstwell, and the story is of ritualism and kindred ecclesiastical matters, serving, indeed, as a kind of footnote to recent public occurrences. The conflict between the natural man and the ordained man; the impact of the natural woman on the ordained man—these are the author's themes. (Unwin. 6s.)

WILLOW THE KING.

BY J. G. SNAITH.

Willow is not a monarch of flesh and blood, but of wood: in plain English, a cricket-bat. For this is a novel of cricket. Everyone talks cricket and plays cricket, including the heroine, who is for that reason called Grace, when her real name is Laura Mary. The narrator awkwardly chooses to propose to her at the very moment when she is making out the first-class averages. "You've gone and bowled me neck and heels," he says. "You are a jolly rotter," says she. A high-spirited, slangy story. (Ward, Lock. 5s.)

WHEN THE WAVES PART.

BY B. M. M. MINNIKEN.

This novel contains, on a low estimate, nearly 250,000 words, and the author says at the end that she casts her pen away with "extreme reluctance," but with the hope of "resuming its use ere long." A circumstantial account of trivial people. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

THE TEMPTATION OF EDITH WATSON.

BY SYDNEY HALL.

A Scotch story of Scotch people. Edith confesses to a difficulty with Mr. Meredith: "His meaning is often very obscure." Mr. Davidson, however, applauds him: "Lucy, in *Richard Feverel*, a different type, but equally charming, with her gentleness, her sweetness, her femininity." Edith's temptation was to join Davidson when she was still Mrs. Morrison. But she conquered it. Then her husband dies. On the last page Davidson asks her again, and she kisses him on the lips. (Gardner.)

SHADOWS; OR, GLIMPSES OF SOCIETY.

BY E. MARTIN.

Seven crude stories or sketches dealing with moral wrecks. "A Syren of Modern Babylon," "A Prince of Iniquity," "A Veteran in Vice." The author assists his characterisation by bestowing such names as Lady Vane-Glorie and Lord Lepper Lycence. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

A FAULTY COURTSHIP.

BY EDITH G. HOARE.

Probably most courtships are faulty. This one, with its rivalries and mistakes and consequences, passed in the Tyrol, the heroine being Gretchen Forbach, who is introduced as the most popular girl in the village school. Village fêtes, market days, and chamois-hunting provide the background. (Warne & Co. 3s. 6d.)

IN KINGS' HOUSES.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

"A Romance of the Days of Queen Anne." The plot turns on a question of birth, a living child having been made to personate a dead one; but this familiar theme is recommended by charming backgrounds at Windsor, state pageantries, and royal condescensions. A pleasant story, suitable for young people. (Duckworth & Co. 6s.)

BY THE GREY SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN OLD MARQUISE."

The characters argue at great length on the differences between the Anglican and Roman Catholic standpoints. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

THE FORTRESS OF YADASURU.

BY CHRISTIAN LYS.

"A narrative prepared from the manuscript of Clinton Verrall, Esq.," and dedicated "to Daria I., Daria II., Daria III., with the author's homage." The circumstance that Daria is the heroine of the book renders this inscription very mystifying. The story is of adventures in the Caucasus among a people with mediæval habits. (Warne. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Spectre of Byron at Venice.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock and Parga's shore,

Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore:

And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,

The Heracleidan blood might own.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—

I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But, gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves,

To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:

There, swan-like, let me sing and die!

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—

Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

TO-DAY, in a little restaurant off the beautiful Piazza, I stopped to lunch, and in looking over the wine-list was struck by the offer of Samian wine. I ordered some Samian wine with my modest cutlet, and memory flew back to a far-off day when enthusiasm was the natural measure of my existence and I landed for the first time on Grecian shores, and drank what I fondly called "a cup of Samian wine," while reciting the "Isles of Greece."

The eternal magnetism of Byron! Here, to-day, when I had imagined Byron to be as dead as Queen Anne, as my lips touched the glass, it was not Greece I remembered but Byron, and the Song of the "Isles" seemed as fresh an inspiration as when I first read it. My glass was a common glass, probably manufactured in Germany, and I was reminded that under no circumstances could I transform it into a cup, and dash it down in a burst of exuberant emotion as Byron bids us do. And dwelling upon the vividness of this sudden revival of a forgotten literary thrill, I came to examine our present supercilious attitude towards Byron. Why does the man's magnetism outlive our superior knowledge? Alas! he possessed what none of those to-day who sneer at him possess in an infinitesimal degree—genius. You may write bad verse as Byron did, but if you have genius you may shake the universe: and without it you may write the most excellent verse in the world, as all the poets of England now do, and when you die be assured the universe will not go into mourning as it did for Byron. To be sure, now we make so much of our tenpenny great men, that imagination stands aghast and bewildered in contemplation of the consequences of such a comet as Byron again flashing across our sky, I fear we should wish to greet his exit from his house upon a private errand with the roar of artillery, and send him to rest with fireworks.

Genius has, with odd inaccuracy, been described as the capacity for taking infinite pains. That this painstaking quality is a very desirable addition to the triumph of genius there can be no doubt. Greek and Latin and French are there to prove it. But we are here to-day

to prove that in itself it will not avail. To-day everybody takes pains; everybody writes well; the thinnest minor poet that ever twittered of thrushes and rushes, of saints and altars and dead loves, could teach Byron his ignored business. Talent is universal, but where is genius? What part does magnetism play in our latter-day literature? It is all very well to insist on Byron's vulgarity, on his cheap success, on his meretricious brilliance. But the fact remains that he took Europe by storm; and such was the rush of his glory, that it shook at the very foundations of British stability. Where else will you find such passion, such a sincere revelation of self, such contempt of sham even in his very prose, such a triumph of barbaric frankness? If he shouted on the housetops with impertinent fatuity: "See what a terrible dog I am," it was characteristic of the man that he had the moral courage of his attitude. He was no make-believe sinner, at any rate. And then his wit! Where will you find anything so rakish, so spontaneous, so unstudied? Ah, that is the keynote of his genius, the secret of his magnetism, the alluring charm of Byron in all his worst moods—spontaneity! Here was a man who studied neither dictionary nor metre; who took you by the throat on impulse; who swore and laughed, and writhed and cursed, as nature impelled him; who was child and man and woman and animal and brute all in one, with the multiple facets of a violently tintured and impressionable temperament.

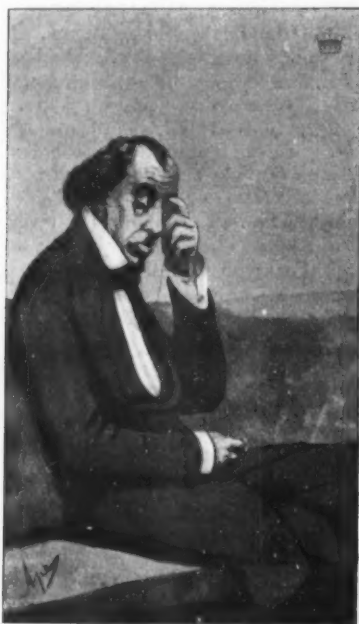
Better poetry has been written since his time, but no personality has risen to diminish the abnormal splendour of his. Whatever the pedants may say, the triumph remains his. It is the fashion to decry him, but wherever we move on the Continent his is the spectre that pursues us. When I walk along the Lido I look for the mark of his horses' hoofs upon the soft earth. When I stand on the much overrated Bridge of Sighs, I wonder Byron should have chosen it for immortality. I think of him standing there in his eternal pose of inflated boyish self-consciousness. Venice since she ceased to be the Great Republic has become a romantic protégée of Byron. He has made the town so insistently his; indeed, all Italy is so engrossed by her undying remembrance of him that we come to understand here that his is a glory which a few modern cultivated and pedantic versifiers cannot hope to diminish. They may not read him (I own it is long since I have read him), but they cannot bid the world forget him: his spectre haunts all Europe. Wherever his foot has trod, the guide-books and the natives draw the traveller's attention to the fact, and the world at large is the monument of his fame. You look down upon the Grand Canal from the windows of his palace; you glide across the silver plain of the wide lagoon, and his is the only modern form that rises between you and the peopled past. Of whom else in the literatures of all lands can so much be said? Do the pedants of the day pretend to make us believe that this is all sham, that the glory is but the reflection of spurious tinsel? You may polish prose or verse till it gleam like bright metal, but if you have nothing but perfect verse and faultless prose you will never cause a heart to leap, a pulse to throb, and Byron fluttered the hearts of an entire generation in every land—and they were no common hearts that leaped at the bidding of his untrained and imperious voice. He thrilled the frigid Goethe. Poushkin, Lermontoff, Lamartine, George Sand, and Musset were under his spell, and counted themselves privileged to wrap themselves in his cast-off mantle, when Death found him in an unbuckled hour before Greece had time to make him king.

It will be time to dethrone Byron when we can prove that the world has forgotten him and when we can explain his colossal magnetism, the towering altitude of his fame above that of every European figure of his day except Napoleon's, by some more probable definition than the imperfect and vulgar taste of other days.

H. L.

Caricature.

THE art of caricature has had few English exponents. Comic draughtsmen we have produced in abundance, portrait painters in profusion; but those pictorial wits who



"THE JUNIOR AMBASSADOR" (LORD BEACONSFIELD). JULY 2, 1878.

come between the two, and touch off a man's nature in a pigmentary, or plumbago, epigram—these are rare indeed. The reason, possibly, is that our national character is averse from oblique methods. We like broad fun or facts; satire is not to the English mind. And the caricaturist is necessarily a satirist.

With most persons, who have no time for elaborate distinction, the word "caricature" covers any humorous portrait; but it has, of course, a finer and more exact meaning than that. The dictionary defines it as "a figure or description in which beauties are concealed and blemishes exaggerated, but still bearing a resemblance to the object." Yet this hardly expresses everything. We

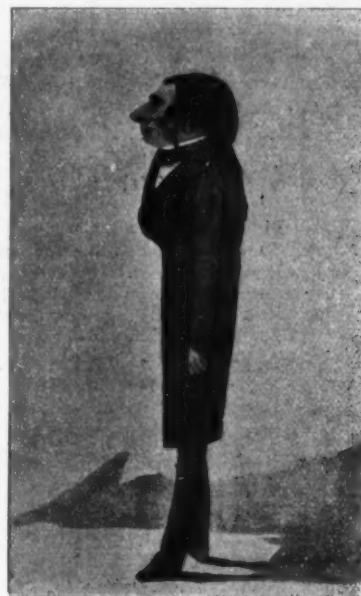


"BEFORE SUNRISE" (MR. SWINBURNE). NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

have seen many drawings in which beauties were concealed and blemishes exaggerated that still did not deserve to be called caricatures. The true caricature is more. In the hands of a master, it is a portrait of a man as he is. The ordinary portrait, whether a painting or photograph, shows the sitter at his best, self-conscious, in special clothes, with features formed to suit the occasion. The caricature is merciless, but not necessarily cruel. It allows no affectations—unless they are in the nature of a man, and then it allows little else. It is not the result of

Sargent sometimes comes very high caricature. His portrait of Mr. Wertheimer in last year's Academy was as near it as a painter may approach. It said everything, whereas the ordinary Academy portrait says only two or three things.

The contrast between fine caricature by a master and less excellent varieties can be studied in the collection of a Hundred Victorians from *Vanity Fair*, which the proprietors of that paper have just published in commemoration of the reign. Only a comparatively few are caricatures worthy the best use of the word, and most of these are signed "Ape," the pseudonym of the famous Carlo Pellegrini. The others are frequently good, but they lack the masterly touch; and often they are not caricatures at all, but merely coloured portraits or distortions. The artists are not to be blamed, for the essence of a good caricature is familiarity with the subject, and as often as not the order for the *Vanity Fair* plate, which must



"THE REALISATION OF THE IDEAL" (MR. RUSKIN). FEBRUARY 17, 1872.

be completed in a few days' time, is the first occasion on which the draughtsman has even heard of his next sitter. But, taking such conditions into consideration, this collection, even after "Ape's" contributions have been deducted, is remarkably excellent; and *Vanity Fair* is worthy of high praise for doing its best to foster the art of caricature as it does. Only one complaint have we with it, and that is, that the legends beneath the plates often convey too little.

Pellegrini was an Italian, or perhaps he could not have managed caricature so deftly. To his skill with the pencil he added that instinct which plays a larger part in the composition of a genius than



"GREEK" (BENJAMIN JOWETT). FEBRUARY 26, 1876.

any amount of taking pains can. With everyone he was not equally successful; but his best caricatures are superb, instinct carrying him straight to the heart of the matter. Look, for instance, at the Disraeli, one of the seven *Vanity Fair* cartoons which we reproduce in black and white. Even in that medium—for which it was not



"THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW," (MR. JOHN MORLEY). NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

he did not quite rise to Mr. John Morley. And yet how good they are, still!—the Carlyle has something of the melaucholy of his best portraits.



"THE DIOGENES OF THE MODERN CORINTHIANS WITHOUT HIS TUB" (THOMAS CARLYLE). OCTOBER 22, 1870.

is also mischief, a necessary quality in the caricaturist.

The death of Mr. Alfred Bryan the other day seriously

intended—and many times reduced, it is still convincing. Cynicism, race, diplomatic craft, power, the vein of dandyism—all are there. Pelligrini had a great subject, and he rose to it. His Mr. Swinburne is less profound, and in the Carlyle and the Ruskin criticism is sacrificed to comic effect. Pellegrini, it must be remembered, was a *flaneur*, a haunter of cafés, and the father of cigarette smoking in this country, and it is natural that it should please him to make the Sage of Chelsea grotesque and the Sage of Brantwood ridiculous. Similarly,

The fantasia on Jowett, played by Mr. Leslie Ward, whose pseudonym is "Spy," is among that clever artist's best work. But here again we miss profundity. The caricaturist, however, is at liberty to confine his energies to one aspect of a man, and, if we miss the wiser and more serious side of Jowett from this picture, the benign and dapper "Jowler" is there to the life. The Matthew Arnold is unsigned, and we are unaware of its artist; but it is very rich. Confidence and the knowledge of intellectual superiority are both indicated. And there

depleted the ranks of draughtsmen who understand caricature. On occasion he was excellent. There remain Mr. Leslie Ward and others, who do not, however, quite satisfy. Mr. Furnias is too wilful, too unwilling to suppress himself. He draws less from the original than from his own notions of the original. Mr. Max Beerbohm is sometimes inspired, but he stops at the body. The mind is beyond his powers. Mr. F. C. Gould has the wit, but lacks the execution. Mr. Reed is too broadly comic. Probably Mr. Sime would excel in caricature if he gave his attention to it. It is our continual surprise that Mr. Whistler has not fostered the art.

To the plates which we reproduce, by permission, from *Vanity Fair*, we have been careful to append dates. Considering that so many years have passed since Mr. Swinburne and Mr.

Morley were "taken off," they might well be treated again. We wish we had room to print the concise judgments of "Jehu Junior," who must have summed up more men than any critic now practising.



"I SAY, THE CRITIC MUST KEEP OUT OF THE REGION OF IMMEDIATE PRACTICE" (MATTHEW ARNOLD). NOVEMBER 11, 1871.

Things Seen.

Incident.

THE "Accident" described last week under "Things Seen" gave us a run-away cab dashing down Chancery-lane, and breaking into a hairdresser's window in Fleet-street. Down Chancery-lane yesterday a gentler pilgrim took his way: a garden butterfly. All through the summer butterflies are common enough in the streets; they are probably brought into town on the Covent Garden market carts, whence escaping they wander through London like lost children. But this butterfly did not suggest the lost child. Still less was he the flushed tourist. He neither hurried, nor lingered. He was interested in all he saw, but with self-possession. He rose and fell, and turned to right and left as reason offered. Now he fluttered amusedly over a cabman's whip, now he rose to a 'bus top and danced a dainty *pas seul* on a lady's parasol, now he made pretence of settling on a lamp-post; and always his movements made a fool of calculation while they lured the eye.

He never swerved from Chancery-lane. Over cabs and 'busses and vans, dipping, soaring, avoiding, and challenging—on he went until Fleet-street was reached. There I saw the barber's boarded window. My butterfly made no rash assault on the opposing buildings. With a laughing flutter, he soared and soared, until, meeting the June wind, he was blown softly over the roofs into the Temple Gardens.

Law.

As you enter the public park, you are confronted by an admonitory notice-board, on whose surface are inscribed forty-and-two by-laws, to break one of which entails expulsion from the park, and possibly the infliction of a fine. A triangle of dusty turf is set apart for the use of children. Here, on a warm afternoon in spring, a dozen ragged urchins sit, roll, and tumble as the law permits. In the background, upon the creaking, straining wires which bound the park, two tiny lawbreakers essay ungraceful feats of strength and agility. A park-keeper strolling down the path, red-faced and gold-buttoned, notes the little delinquents—draws a whistle from his breast, and blows a sharp note. Every child becomes motionless: every eye is fixed upon the park-keeper. He, observant only of the unlawful acrobats, shakes his stick threateningly.

Panic descends, alike upon the innocent and the guilty. Every child starts to its feet—little bare feet that scamper so noiselessly through the dust. The rout is complete; the dust settles again upon the deserted playground; and the park-keeper resumes his walk.

The Power of Print.

Two street urchins leaned over Tower Bridge and watched the shipping.

"Bill," asked the younger boy, "'ave yer ever seen *real* waves?"

"No, Jim, I can't say I 'ave," answered Bill; "but my bruvver 'as, and 'e says"—here he raised the palm of one hand two feet above the palm of the other—"they are that 'igh."

Bill looked puzzled, and then disappointed. "Only that 'igh?" he said. "I was reading the other day they was mountains 'igh."

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE daily paper which definitely announces that Sir Redvers Buller will take the command at the Cape in the event of a war is altogether premature. No such contingent appointment has been made; and Sir Evelyn Wood is still, as he was last week, the officer on whom the ugly responsibility is most likely to fall.

It is against all etiquette that a general in command at the Cape or anywhere else should express his opinion on the chances, or even the fitness, of peace or war; and Sir William Butler's prescription of "no surgical operation, but rest" for the Transvaal was, of course, an *obiter dictum* made in private conversation, and never intended for transmission home and publication in the daily Press. Yet there are few who will refuse on this score to welcome the pronouncement as the most peace-making one made during recent weeks. It comes with particular grace from the biographer of Colley; and it comes amusingly enough from the excellent next-door neighbour of Mr. Rhodes on the outskirts of Cape Town.

LORD LOVAT, who has just returned home from his Abyssinian tour laden with huntsman's spoils, is a young man of whom something more is likely to be heard. A sportsman and an ornithologist, he is also a keen lover of literature, and part of his love of adventure, which does not seem quite in accord with a very gentle personality, has come to him by way of Stevenson and Kipling, the two modern authors of his admiration. Lord Lovat's Abyssinian bag was a heavy one, since it included ten

elephants and two lions; but his greatest interest was in his collection of birds, of which he has brought home between three hundred and four hundred varieties.

Two guineas was the modest price fetched in the sale-room the other day by a letter from Queen Victoria to Napoleon III. It was a long letter, dated in the June of 1856, and it showed the Queen in various capacities: as a patron of the arts, or of an artist (Gounod) whom she presents to the French Court; as ruling Queen of England when she declares that, whatever the change of ministries, none "will ever compromise the good understanding existing between our two countries"; as hostess, begging the Emperor to "pay that kind little visit in the month of 'October' and to come accompanied by the Empress, who, by the way, had not at that date any relations with Queen Victoria likely to lead up to the friendship established between them by common sorrows in later life; and, if you will, as a grammarian who cannot quite realise the superfluity of the "and" before a relative which is not a reiterated one—"We are in the midst of a ministerial crisis, and which I am afraid will be followed by others." Many and ridiculous are the stories invented *à propos* of the cordial understanding between Her Majesty and Lord Beaconsfield; and somebody may one day suggest that it had its rise in an habitual attraction felt by Queen and Minister alike towards this particular slip in the Queen's English. "His presence was a relief to an anxious family, and who were beginning to get alarmed." Again: "He had become possessed of a vast principality, and which was not an hour's drive from Whitechapel." The two sentences are lighted upon at once in a random opening of *Endymion*, after the incorrigible author had been lectured for this particular lapse over a period of nearly fifty years.

THE work which Mr. Coningsby Disraeli is carrying out at Hughenden Manor will not involve any destruction of the old house so beloved by both Isaac and Benjamin Disraeli, nor any alterations in the grounds that will obliterate landmarks. The addition of a new wing to the house was necessary to make it a really habitable place for a family of any size; and, if it was to be built at all, the most historic builder after Lord Beaconsfield himself was certainly to be found in his own direct heir, interesting as a nephew who had walked in that domain with his uncle, with whom he was doubly associated by a romantic blending of names.

SIR JOHN AUSTIN was one of the very few baronets of Lord Rosebery's creation; and nobody seemed less likely than the sturdy Radical member to have to face any of those personal crises in politics which it has been the lot of Lord Rosebery to encounter. The Local Veto Bill, a plank in the Liberal platform which is Sir William Harcourt's, and none of Lord Rosebery's, setting, has, however, been tilted and warped to trip up Sir John, himself allied to "the trade" as a maltster of immense business. Sir John loves a fight as only a Yorkshireman can, but Yorkshiremen love him on that very account; hence follows an *impasse*. Sir John is an excellent sportsman, who rides straight to hounds in his own county, and has a moor in the Highlands. He can sing a song, too, at any local entertainment, even though it be to benefit a Wesleyan Chapel and the performer is himself a Roman Catholic. With all these qualifications, the Osgoldcross constituency is hardly in a mood to demand that its member should be a Vetoist or go. No doubt, to vote against Local Veto in Scotland, when that measure is supported by a large majority of Scottish members, is not exactly a good illustration of the Home Rule principle; but the daily paper that foresees in Sir John a future Unionist candidate is quite mistaking

its man, and is unaware how largely his adhesion to the cause of Home Rule for Ireland has dominated, not only over his career as a politician, but also over his interests and friendships in private life.

To some literary reminiscences of Boulogne appearing in this page last week let another be linked. In that town died Campbell, though it is to Westminster Abbey that you must go for his tomb; and on the anniversary of his death-day, last week, a little group of English visitors paid him their homage by discovering as best they could the whereabouts of that memorable departure in the June of 1844. It seems a little irony of death that the greatest author, until Kipling, of English patriotic sea-song should yield his last breath away from the country he loved and sang. But another memory robs the situation of its pangs: Campbell was in England still when he was not geographically there, and it was not here, in his own environment, but away in Hamburg, that, in the first year of the dying century, "Ye Mariners of England" was actually composed.

Correspondence.

John Scott, Horace Smith, and J. G. Lockhart.

SIR,—As I entertain no prejudice against the honour and veracity of Mr. Beavan's distinguished kinsman, I am ready to meet him half way. If by "offering satisfaction" Mr. Smith habitually meant "making an apology," and was known to mean it, then his statements of 1821 and 1847 are correct and consistent. But no misunderstanding could have occurred if, in 1821, Mr. Smith had told Mr. Christie that, if Mr. Lockhart offered an explanation, his principal, Mr. Scott, would apologise. He did not say that; he wrote that "I am authorised by you [Scott] to offer satisfaction." The words were taken in their then established sense. The world, and Mr. Christie, could not but suppose that Mr. Scott, if he received an explanation, meant to fight, whereas he meant to apologise, and, *ex hypothesi*, Mr. Smith knew it. His choice of words, however blameless on his part, was eminently misleading, and Lockhart said that Mr. Scott "might as well have sent him to Aldgate pump" as to Mr. Horace Smith.

Mr. Scott himself was either misled by Mr. Smith's phrase, and therefore "quoted him as his second," or—the alternative is obvious. Mr. Beavan does not appear to understand the ideas of 1821. Had Lockhart shirked a duel because his wife was expecting a baby his character for courage would have been totally lost, and his father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, would never have spoken to him again. I can only regret Mr. Smith's use, in the circumstances, of the phrase, "I am authorised to offer satisfaction," when he meant that Mr. Scott would apologise. Mr. Smith, judging by his paper of 1847, seems to have habitually used "satisfaction" and "apology" as synonymous. By the world they were regarded as alternatives, to the best of my knowledge; and hence the deplorable misunderstanding arose. Mr. Scott, finding that his readiness to "go on the sod" was impeached, challenged Mr. Christie, with whom he had really no quarrel. I cannot acquit Mr. Smith of an error in his choice of language—an unfortunately misleading error—and I must prefer evidence of 1821 (evidence then not contradicted, as far as we know, by Mr. Smith) to evidence of 1847, and of 1858. But that Mr. Smith intended to mislead I am very far from asserting. Mr. Beavan's citation from the article of 1847 shows that, to Mr. Smith, "satisfaction" meant "apology." But the construction which I placed upon his words was the usual construction—in 1821. Mr. Smith must have been ignorant on that point.—I am, &c.,

1, Marloes-road: June 17, 1899.

A. LANG.

An Author's Complaint.

SIR,—The Society of Authors has for some months past been exercised as to what steps should be taken with regard to the complaint which I made upon the boycott of my novel, *God is Love*. The committee of management considered the topic frequently. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, as deputy chairman, took an active interest in it, and, having occasion to read the book, wrote: "Considering the serious and sincere character of the story, it appears to me that the title is not open to any valid objection on the score of irreverence or impropriety. Such is my individual opinion"; and he adds, "your picture of peasant life is grim indeed, but it is vivid and incisive, and holds the reader."

I may be pardoned quoting such an expression of opinion from an author of Mr. Anthony Hope's eminence, considering the damage to the circulation of my book which Messrs. Smith's veto has naturally cast upon it; but the protest I raised has been of advantage to authors generally in that it brought about other protests from men of leading, including Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Conan Doyle, as well as from the principal journals.

The Society of Authors, though it has expressed sympathy with me in the most courteous manner, has not yet made any definite protest. It has, however, passed a resolution to do so, in combination with booksellers and publishers, if such combined action be practicable. The very *raison d'être* of the Society of Authors is to champion the cause of "the independence of the writer," and if it does not take official action upon this clear case of interference with an author's rights it will abdicate its claim to the general support of writers.—I am, &c.,

T. MULLETT ELLIS.

Savage Club: June 10, 1899.

John Barleycorn and the Arts.

SIR,—Schoolboy blunders often find their way into the newspapers. Some of them often appear to be manufactured for the press. But here is the genuine article from the *Licensing World*, the "official organ of the Central Board." A recent number contains the following passage:

Wines have been called "free" by Horace—

"Et Juvenum curas et libera vina referre."

"And wines carry off the cares of the young man."

He also points out that wine opens those things which are hidden in the heart, and is frequently a revealer of dark and dangerous secrets—

"Condita cum verax aperit praeordia liber."

Indeed, the odes of Horace abound with allusions to the wine-cup—

"I, pete unguentum, puer, et rosas,
Et Cadum Marsi memoram duelli."

"Go, boy, bring unguents and roses,
And the wine-cup on which the Marsian war was painted."

I read that the "Trade" is testing the sort of education given to the children at the Licensed Victuallers' School, the children being paraded at the annual dinner at the Crystal Palace. I hope they will not depend upon the opinion of the writer who is so free with his Horace, and with his Liber, God of Wine. They buy their spirits through an expert. Even the much-abused competitive examinations are better tests than the figure of merit this writer would be likely to assign.

Another "Trade" paper sends a reporter to Christie's (for the wine sales). The *Licensed Victualler* man has written an article on "The Licensed Trade at the Royal Academy." Is he chaffing? This is an extract:

Altogether it is a first-rate Academy; and, some day, when we can get an hour off [his column and a-quarter was the result of half-an-hour at the Royal Academy] we shall

have another look round. To our mind the gem of the exhibition is "Wandering Musicians," by Walter Langley, R.I. Of course, a licensed victualler must study the wishes of his customers. Under a former management, we read, at the "Bear," at Esher, an unlimited supply of coppers was given from the bar till, to put into the slots of the automatic musical machines, to keep wandering musicians at a distance. But, on a wet night, it has often almost made our heart bleed to hear the words, "Not this side, please"; and there could not be much human nature about a manager who would refuse standing room in the passage to this little girl and her fiddle, accompanied by her mother on the guitar.

—I am, &c.,
The Grammar School, Huntingdon:
June 20, 1899.

ROLAND BELL.

A Case for Grammarians.

SIR,—The melancholy inference in last week's ACADEMY, that the proposed "Choate Jest Book" is for ever to remain an "Inchoate Jest Book," recalls to mind a remarkable kind of choateness (presumably unknown to His Excellency the American Ambassador) introduced to notice by a leading Northern provincial paper in 1895. In discussing the claims of one of the candidates before a Parliamentary constituency, a leader in the paper in question gravely summed up: "But he must know, and after his speech last evening the constituency must know, that his views are not yet sufficiently choate to be presentable on a platform." What a vista of new (and valuable?) word-formations arises in this comprehensive theory of the prefix *in*! Dex will, without more ado, be the negative of index, fectious of infectious, digenous of indigenous, sular of insular, and so on.—I am, &c.,
Edinburgh: June 19, 1899.

D. P.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 37.

OUR request for an inscription of not more than forty words, suitable to be engraved on a statue of Charles Darwin, has not been met by the ready response which awaits many of the subjects set for competition. The best inscription is that composed by Mr. Edwin Cardross, 22, Seymour-street, Portman-square, W., which runs thus:

"Charles Darwin, the great naturalist, memorable for his demonstration of the law of evolution in organic life, achieved by scientific imagination, untiring observation, comparison, and research: also for a blameless life, characterised by the modesty, 'the angelic patience, of genius.'"

The phrase "the angelic patience of genius," we may point out, is Balzac's.

Other inscriptions follow:

"In memory of Charles Darwin, theorist, philosopher, psychologist. A student of Nature, he searched for the truth, endeavouring to understand the beginning of all things, thus to make clearer the mysteries of Nature, the revelation of which was his ambition."

[G. W., Hull.]

Carolus Darwin.

Quod vidit meminit;
Quod meminit in luce patefecit;
Quod patefecit manet.

Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ἐλάσσον.

Charles Darwin.

What he saw he remembered,
What he remembered he revealed,
What he revealed remains.

"Give us light though thou slay us!"

[J. U., Buxted.]

"To the memory of Charles Darwin, whose extraordinary abilities and indefatigable energies, ordered by steadfast honesty of purpose and inherent modesty, combined to make him the greatest scientist of the age, the first exponent of the theory of human evolution."

[J. D. Q., Shrewsbury.]

"Charles Darwin, whose patient and acute observation compelled Nature to reveal her great secret, the origin of species."

"He never turned one inch out of his course to gain fame."

[W. E. T., Caterham.]

"Charles Darwin, on patient experiment and observation, founded a theory of evolution, which, in explaining the successive appearance of more complex forms of life in the world's history, has furnished a basis and example for all modern scientific investigation."

[J. D. A., Ealing.]

Lastly comes E. H., Ledbury, with this witty, but flippant, suggestion:

"In searching for the missing link he did a tail unfold."

Competition No. 38.

WE ask our readers this week to draw up a list of six books, or shorter compositions, to be read on a holiday: (a) in bed, before getting up; (b) in the middle of the morning, while resting; (c) after lunch, in a hammock; (d) after tea; (e) after dinner; (f) in bed, before sleep. The whole field of literature is open to choose from. To the author of the best list a cheque for one guinea will be sent.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, June 27. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 692 or it can not enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, June 22.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Tytrell (G.), *External Religion*..... (Sands & Co.)
Montefiore (C. G.), *The Bible for Home Reading. Second Part*
(Macmillan), net 5/3

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Hawker (R. S.), *Postical Works*..... (Lane), net 7/3
King (C.), *Poems*..... (Digby, Long & Co.), net 8/0
McCall (P. J.), *Songs of Erin*..... (Simpkin)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Patrick (W. M.), *Sextus Empiricus and Greek Scepticism*
(Deighton, Bell & Co.), net 5/0
Gribble (F.), *The Early Mountaineers*..... (Unwin) 21/0
Whitman (S.), *Reminiscences of the King of Roumania*..... (Harper & Bro.) 10/6
Fielding (H.), *Thibaw's Queen*..... (Harper & Bro.)
Stephen (H. L.), *State Trials, Political and Social. 2 vols.*
(Duckworth) net 5/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Karagorgevitch (Prince B.), *Enchanted India*..... (Harper & Bro.)
Fletcher (J. G.), *A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Part 4*..... (Dent) net 1/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Müller (Rt. Hon. F. Max), *The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*
(Longmans) 18/0
Melrose (C. J.), *Free-Will and Determinism*..... (New Century Press)
Ward (J.), *Naturalism and Agnosticism. 2 vols.*..... (Black) net 18/0
Sloane (T. O' C.), *Liquid Air and the Liquefaction of Gases*
(Sampson Low)
Hurst (G. H.), *Colour: A Handbook of the Theory of Colour*
(Scott, Greenwood, & Co.)
Huygens (C.), *Œuvres Complètes*..... (Nischoff, La Haye)

EDUCATIONAL.

To'hunter (J.), *The Elements of Euclid. Revised by S. L. Loney*
(Macmillan) 4/6
Wells (W.), *The Elements of Geometry*..... (Isabister) 6/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nash (J. E.), *The History of Adam's Grandfather*..... (Sands & Co.) 1/0
Power-Berry (R. J.), *The Bye-Ways of Crime*..... (Greening) 2/4

NEW EDITIONS.

Plumptre (E. H.), *Dante: "Studies and Estimates," "The Minor Poems,"*
The Divina Commedia..... (Isabister)
Carey (R. N.), *Mrs. Romney and "But Men Must Work"*..... (Macmillan) 3/6
Rossetti (D. G.), *Ballads*..... (Elpis & Elvey)
Whyte-Melville (G. J.), *Rosine and Sister Louise*..... (Ward Lock) 3/6
Stead (W. T.), *Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell"*..... (Review of Reviews Office) 1/0

* * * New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

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